TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

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THE PLAINS OF TROY

SHAKESPEARE'S

HISTORY OF

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

Troilus and Cressida is not a play for boys and girls, whether in school or out; and it is seldom, if ever, read in Shakespeare clubs, except the few that make a special study of the less familiar plays. It would never be taken up even by critical students or readers except in a somewhat advanced stage of their acquaintance with the dramatist.

The play is never put upon the stage. There is no record of any performance in Shakespeare's day, though the registers of the Stationers' Company indicate that it was played by "my Lord Chamberlain's men" in 1603, and one of the title-pages of the 1609 quarto (see p. 9 below) states that it was acted "at the Globe." From that day to this, so far as we have any information, it has never been reproduced in its original form. Dryden's wretched adaptation of it — *Troilus and Cressida, or Truth Found Out Too Late* — was reproduced in London in 1679, and also in 1709 and 1723, but apparently has not been acted since the latter date. Mr. F. A. Marshall ("Henry Irving" ed.) states that John Kemble planned a revival of Shakespeare's play and prepared a stage version of it, but it was never represented. There the stage history of the play ends, and probably for all time.

These facts naturally affected the treatment of the play in my former edition, and I have not modified it

materially in the revision. The introduction, however, has been rewritten, the notes have been carefully revised and considerably augmented, and an account of "The War of the Theatres" has been added in the Appendix. As with the other volumes of the revised edition, the book has also been made complete in itself by the substitution of new notes for those referring to my work on other plays.

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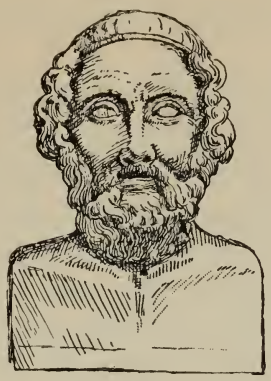
TENEDOS



HOMER

INTRODUCTION TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

Troilus and Cressida was first published, so far as we know, in 1609, when two quarto editions were printed from the same type, but with somewhat different title-pages. Both state that the play is "by William Shakespeare," and one refers to its having been "acted by the Kings Maiesties servants at the Globe."

One of these editions differs from the other in having the following preface: —

"A neuer writer to an euer reader.

"Newes.

"Eternall reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the

palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer under-tooke any thing commicall vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serue for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our liues, showing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heauy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, haue found that witte there that they neuer found in themselues, and haue parted better-witted then they came; feeling an edge of witte set vpon them, more than euer they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such sauord salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth *Venus*. Amongst all there is none more witty then this; and had I time I would comment vpon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you thinke your testern well bestowd), but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best commedy in *Terence* or *Plautus*: and beleeue this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble

for them, and set vp a new *English* inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures, losse, and iudgments, refuse not, nor like this the lesse for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills, I belieue, you should haue prayd for them, rather than beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. — *Vale.*"

The play was not reprinted until it appeared in the folio of 1623, where it stands between the "Histories" and "Tragedies," and it is not mentioned at all in the "Catalogue," or table of contents, at the beginning of the volume. The editors seem to have been puzzled to classify it. The "Tragedies" at first began with *Coriolanus*, followed by *Titus Andronicus* and *Romeo and Juliet*. *Troilus and Cressida* was evidently intended to come next, and was put in type and paged for that place; but it was afterwards transferred to its present position, and *Timon of Athens* used instead. The numbers of the pages were cancelled, with the exception of the second and third, which were accidentally left with the 79 and 80 of the original pagination. The only reason that can be imagined for this change is that the editors were in doubt whether the play was a "tragedy" or a "history," and therefore decided to put it between the two, and to evade the responsibility of cataloguing

it in the table of contents. The writer of the prologue, whoever he may have been, treats it as a comedy.

The date of the play cannot be determined with any certainty. In 1599 Dekker and Chettle were preparing a play on the same subject, and an entry in the Stationers' Registers, dated February 7, 1602–03, proves that a *Troilus and Cressida* had been acted by Shakespeare's company, the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. This may possibly have been an early draught of Shakespeare's play. Internal evidence is partly in favour of a date as early as this, and partly of one some five or six years later. Some critics have therefore decided that the play was written as early as 1602 or 1603, while others put it as late as 1608 or 1609. More likely, as Verplanck, White, and others believe, it was first written as early as 1602, and revised and enlarged somewhere between 1606 and 1609.

The Sources of the Plot

If Shakespeare did not draw his materials from some earlier play, he probably took "the love-story" from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, and "the camp story" from the *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye, translated and drawen out of frenshe into englishe by W. Caxton*, 1471 (from Raoul le Fevre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*), or Lydgate's *Hystorye, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye*, 1513, 1555 (from Guido di Colonna), or both. Thersites, or at least a hint of the character, seems to be

taken from Chapman's *Iliad*, the first seven books of which appeared in 1597.

General Comments on the Play

Troilus and Cressida has been a perplexing subject for many of the ablest critics. Coleridge remarks: "There is no one of Shakespeare's plays harder to characterize. The name, and the remembrances connected with it, prepare us for the representation of attachment no less faithful than fervent on the side of the youth, and of sudden and shameless inconstancy on the part of the lady. And this is, indeed, as the gold thread on which the scenes are strung, though often kept out of sight, and out of mind by gems of greater value than itself. But as Shakespeare calls for nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition, without giving or eliciting some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject which he does not moralize or intellectualize, so here he has drawn in Cressida the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference. This Shakespeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in Troilus, and alone worthy the name of love — affection, passionate indeed, swollen with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope

newly risen, in short enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature; but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence with excellent judgment, and with an excellence higher than mere judgment can give, at the close of the play, when Cressida has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will which had been the substance and the basis of his love, while the restless pleasures and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface — this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighbourhood with her dishonour, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets, whilst it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected flood. . . .

"To all this, however, so little comparative projection is given — nay, the masterly group of Agamemnon, Nestor, and Ulysses, and, still more in advance, that of Achilles, Ajax, and Thersites, so manifestly occupy the foreground — that the subservience and vassalage of strength and animal courage to intellect and policy seems to be the lesson most often in our poet's view, and which he has taken little pains to connect with the former more interesting moral impersonated in the titular hero and heroine of the drama. But I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's

main object, or, shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama — in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Dürer."

In an article "On Reading Shakespeare" (in *The Galaxy*, for February, 1877), Grant White has some admirable comments on this play, a few passages from which may well supplement those from Coleridge: —

"*Troilus and Cressida* is Shakespeare's wisest play in the way of worldly wisdom. It is filled choke-full of sententious, and in most cases slightly satirical revelations of human nature, uttered with a felicity of phrase and an impressiveness of metaphor that make each one seem like a beam of light shot into the recesses of man's heart.

"The undramatic character of *Troilus and Cressida* appears in its structure, its personages, and its purpose. . . . There is also a singular lack of that peculiar characteristic of Shakespeare's dramatic style, the marked distinction and nice discrimination of the individual traits, mental and moral, of the various personages. Ulysses is the real hero of the play; the chief, or, at least, the great purpose of which is the utterance of the Ulyssean view of life; and in this play Shakespeare is Ulysses, or Ulysses, Shakespeare. In

all his other plays Shakespeare so lost his personal consciousness in the individuality of his own creations that they think and feel, as well as act, like real men and women other than their creator, so that we cannot truly say of the thoughts and feelings which they express, that Shakespeare says thus or so; for it is not Shakespeare who speaks, but they with his lips. But in Ulysses, Shakespeare, acting upon a mere hint, filling up a mere traditionary outline, drew a man of mature years, of wide observation, of profoundest cogitative power, one who knew all the weakness and all the wiles of human nature, and who yet remained with blood unbittered and soul unsoured — a man who saw through all shams, and fathomed all motives, and who yet was not scornful of his kind, not misanthropic, hardly cynical except in passing moods; and what other man was this than Shakespeare himself? What had he to do when he had passed forty years but to utter his own thoughts when he would find words for the lips of Ulysses? And thus it is that *Troilus and Cressida* is Shakespeare's wisest play. If we would know what Shakespeare thought of men and their motives after he reached maturity, we have but to read this drama — drama it is, but with what other character who shall say? For, like the world's pageant, it is neither tragedy nor comedy, but a tragic-comic history, in which the intrigues of amorous men and light-o'-loves and the brokerage of panders are mingled with the deliberations of sages and the strife and the

death of heroes. . . . And why, indeed, should Ulysses not speak for Shakespeare, or how could it be other than that he should? The man who had written *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, if he wished to find Ulysses, had only to turn his mind's eye inward; and thus we have in this drama Shakespeare's only piece of introspective work."

Verplanck (whom I quote, as elsewhere, because his edition of Shakespeare, published in 1847, has been long out of print, and is to be found in few of the libraries) remarks: —

"The play is, in all respects, a very remarkable and singular production; and it has perplexed many a critic, not, as usual, by smaller difficulties of readings and interpretation, but by doubts as to the author's design and spirit. Its beauties are of the highest order. It contains passages fraught with moral truth and political wisdom — high truths, in large and philosophical discourse, such as remind us of the loftiest disquisitions of Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor, on the foundations of social law. Thus the comments of Ulysses (i. 3) on the universal obligation of the law of order and degree, and the confusion caused by rebellion to its rule, either in nature or in society, are in the very spirit of the grandest and most instructive eloquence of Burke. The piece abounds, too, in passages of the most profound and persuasive practical ethics, and grave advice for the government of life; as when, in the third act, Ulysses (the great didactic organ of the play) impresses

upon Achilles the consideration of man's ingratitude 'for good deeds past,' and the necessity of perseverance to 'keep honour bright.' Other scenes again, fervid with youthful passion, or rich in beautiful imagery, are redolent with intense sweetness of poetic fancy. Such is that splendid exhortation of Patroclus to Achilles, of which Godwin has justly said that 'a more poetical passage, if poetry consists in sublime, picturesque, and beautiful imagery, neither ancient nor modern times have produced.'

> 'Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
> Shall from your neck unloose his amorous folds,
> And like a dewdrop from the lion's mane
> Be shook to air.'

"Nor is there any drama more rich in variety and truth of character. The Grecian camp is filled with real and living men of all sorts of temper and talent, while Thersites, a variation and improvement of the original deformed railer of the *Iliad*, is, in his way, a new study of human nature, not (as some writers view him) a mere buffoon, but a sort of vulgar and cowardly Iago, without the 'Ancient's' courage and higher intellect, but with the same sort of wit and talent, and governed by the same self-generated malignity. So, too, Ulysses' sarcastic sketch of Cressida is a gem of art, at once arch, sagacious, and poetic.

"With all this, there is large alloy of inferior matter, such as Shakespeare too often permitted himself to use, in filling up the chasms of the scene, between loftier

and brighter thoughts. More especially is there felt, by every reader, a sense of disappointment at the unsatisfactory effect of the whole, arising mainly from the want of unity in that effect, and in the interest of the plot — at the desultory and purposeless succession of incident and dialogue, all resembling (as Walter Scott well observes) 'a legend, or a chronicle, rather than a dramatic composition.' That power of comprising the varied details of a great work in one view, and, while preserving the individuality and truth of the parts, blending them in the effect of one whole — the *ponere totum* of Horace — so essential to excellence in all of the higher works either of art or of literature, hardly appears here. Yet it is a power that Shakespeare never wanted or neglected, even in his earlier comedies; and at the date of *Troilus and Cressida* he had exhibited the highest proof of it in *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*. He had, even in *Henry IV.* and other historical plays, shown how the less pliable incidents and personages of actual history could be made to harmonize in one central and pervading interest. In this respect *Troilus and Cressida* is so singularly deficient that Walter Scott (*Life of Dryden*) characterizes it as having been 'left by its author in a singular state of imperfection;' while Dryden (in the preface to his own alteration of this play) pronounces that 'the author began it with some fire,' but that he grew weary of his task, and 'the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms;' the characters

of Hector, Troilus, and others having been, in his opinion, 'begun and left unfinished.'

"The plot and incidents present other incongruities, not easy of solution. The main story is founded on the old legendary story of Troy, as the middle ages received it; Chaucer having given the leading idea of the hero and heroine, and the story and other accessories, such as Homer never dreamed of, having been incorporated from old Lydgate and Caxton. Of this we have a striking instance in the murder of Hector by Achilles and his Myrmidons, so contradictory to all the notions Homer gave us of his divine Pelides. Yet, on the other hand, the Grecian chiefs are all so depicted, and with such minuteness, as not to permit a doubt but that the author of these scenes was familiar with some contemporary translation of the *Iliad*.

"Moreover, the style, and the verbal and metrical peculiarities, suggest other questions. There is much in the play recalling the rhymes and the dialogue of the poet's earlier comedies, while the higher and more contemplative passages resemble the diction and measure of his middle period — that of *Measure for Measure* and *Lear*. It also abounds in singular words, unusual accentuations, and bold experiments in language, such as he most indulged in during that period, but to a greater extent than can, I think, be found in any other play.

"Under these circumstances, the Shakespearian critics have found ample room for theory. I have

already noticed the supposition of Dryden, and of Walter Scott, that the play was left imperfect, or hurried to a conclusion with little care, after parts had been as carefully elaborated. Another set of English commentators, from Steevens to Seymour, have satisfied themselves that Shakespeare's genius and taste had been expended in improving the work of an inferior author, whose poorer groundwork still appeared through his more precious decorations. This Steevens supposes might be the 'Troyelles and Cresseda' on which Dekker and Chettle were employed, in 1599, as we learn from Henslowe's Diary."

After referring to Coleridge's comments on the play, as quoted above, Verplanck says: "He had before (in 1802) transiently suggested the opinion that the drama was in part *ironical*, or, I suppose, mock-heroical. Schlegel, who seems in some way to have picked up ideas of Coleridge's, not published till after his death — whether from his unwritten lectures, or from some common source, it is not clear — carries this notion further. He asserts that Shakespeare, 'without caring for theatrical effect, here pleased his own malicious wit;' and that the whole is one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales — the 'Tale of Troy.' The poet, therefore, puts in the strongest light the contemptible nature of the origin of the war, and the discord and folly that marked its progress. In short, it is an heroic comedy, parodying every thing in the subject sacred from traditional fame or the pomp of poetry."

Knight coincides with this notion of " the grave irony of *Troilus and Cressida*." His philosophical theory of the play is that of the German Ulrici, that " the whole tendency of the play — its incidents, its characterization — is to lower what the Germans call herodom. Ulrici maintains that 'the far-sighted Shakespeare certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality; as, indeed, if we closely observe the character of the eighteenth century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which penetrated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakespeare wrote this deeply significant satire upon the Homeric herodom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself; and, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the truth that every thing merely human, even when it is glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a pure moral ideality, appears very small.' "

Dowden asks: "With what intention, and in what spirit, did Shakspere write this strange comedy? All the Greek heroes who fought against Troy are pitilessly exposed to ridicule: Helen and Cressida are light, sensual, and heartless, for whose sake it seems infatuated folly to strike a blow; Troilus is an enthusiastic young fool; and even Hector, though valiant and generous, spends his life in a cause which he knows to be unprofitable, if not evil. All this is seen and said by Thersites, whose mind is made up of the scum of the foulness of human life. But can Shakspere's view of things have been the same as that of Thersites?

"The central theme, the young love and faith of Troilus given to one who was false and fickle, and his discovery of his error, lends its colour to the whole play. It is the comedy of disillusion. And as Troilus passed through the illusion of his first love for woman, so by middle life the world itself often appears like one that has not kept her promises, and who is a poor deceiver. We come to see the seamy side of life; and from this mood of disillusion it is a deliverance to pass on even to a dark and tragic view of life, to which beauty and virtue reappear, even though human weakness or human vice may do them bitter wrong. Now such a mood of contemptuous depreciation of life may have come over Shakspere, and spoiled him, at that time, for a writer of comedy. But for Isabella we should find the coming-on of this mood in *Measure for Measure;* there is perhaps a touch of it in *Hamlet.* At this time

Troilus and Cressida may have been written, and then Shakspere, rousing himself to a deeper inquest into things, may have passed on to his great series of tragedies."

Furnivall remarks: "This is the most difficult of all Shakspere's plays to deal with, as well for date as position. We only know that it was published in 1609 with a preface by another man, and evidently without Shakspere's consent, as his *Sonnets* of the same date also were. This fact seems to point to Shakspere's having left London, possibly in disgust at some neglect of him by his patrons or the public, at which he has been thought to hint in Achilles's complaints. Yet Shakspere had just produced his greatest tragedies, and no one could then have been his rival. The play is evidently written in ill-humour with mankind; it is a bitter satire. Its purpose is not to show virtue her own feature, but contemptible weakness, paltry vanity, falsehood (like scorn), their own image."

However we may interpret the play, it seems to me that it belongs to that period in the poet's career which marks the transition from the "golden prime of comedy," as it has been aptly designated — the period of *As You Like It*, *Much Ado*, and *Twelfth Night* — to that of the great tragedies. It is one of a group of plays that are in marked contrast to those of the preceding period. They are comedies only in name, or because they do not have a tragical ending. They are *All's Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and the play we are con-

sidering — "one earnest, another dark and severe, the last bitter and ironical" (Dowden).

That the prevailing tone of these plays, as Hallam, Verplanck, Dowden, and others assume, was not due merely to a change in taste or an inclination to try a new experiment in dramatic composition, but was connected in some way with Shakespeare's personal experiences, can hardly be doubted; though this view is vehemently opposed by some excellent critics, who insist that he simply wrote what theatrical managers wanted, whether comedy or tragedy. "If a comedy was called for," they ask, "would he have declined to furnish it on the ground that he was in his tragic period?" Probably not; but it would have proved to be a comedy like *All's Well* or *Measure for Measure* rather than *As You Like It* or *Twelfth Night.*

This marked change in the poet's mood and temper has been compared to "the passage from a sunny charming landscape to a wild mountain district whose highest peaks are shrouded in thick mist." How can we account for it? Shakespeare's father had died in 1601. The episode of the *Sonnets* had come to an end, and had left the poet a sadder and wiser man. Perhaps, as Ten Brink believes, certain events in the history of the time give us, partially at least, the true explanation. In 1601 London was disturbed by the conspiracy and rebellion of the Earl of Essex. The earl evidently took a deep interest in Shakespeare's works, and the dramatist doubtless followed the career

of the earl with peculiar interest and sympathy. The Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's friend and patron, who was involved in the conspiracy, escaped the doom of death which befell Essex and many of his followers, but he was kept in prison while Elizabeth lived. The play of *Julius Cæsar* was written at about this time, but probably too early to justify the opinion of certain critics that it followed close upon the tragic end of Essex, due, like that of Brutus, to a fatal conspiracy.

But, whatever the cause may have been, Shakespeare at this period "ceased to care for tales of mirth and love," and was led "to sound with his imagination the depths of the human heart, to study the great problem of evil." The three comedies that are not comedies have therefore been called "problem plays." They involve abnormal conditions of thought and feeling, and "intricate cases of conscience which demand a solution by unprecedented methods." They show that the author's mind is tending in the direction of tragedy, and the great tragedies follow them.

That *Troilus and Cressida* has any connection whatever with the so-called "War of the Theatres" (for which see further in the Appendix to my Notes) I do not believe. Mr. Fleay's notion that the play is nothing else than a satire on rival dramatists, — Hector representing Shakespeare, Thersites Dekker, Ajax Ben Jonson, and so on, — seems to me quite absurd. Mr. Verity (in the "Henry Irving" edition) is nearer right,

I think, in his closing comments on the play. He says : —

" Everyone remembers Edgar Poe's story of the man who, having an important paper to conceal, put it in an old vase on his mantel-shelf, arguing that no one would ever look in so obvious a place. This old-vase idea is not inapplicable sometimes in matters of criticism. Critics in their efforts to find out a recondite interpretation are occasionally apt to overlook the obvious one ; they forget the old vase. Perhaps it is so here. The name of the play may be the vase. The ordinary mortal, seeing the title of the play — *Troilus and Cressida* — would expect to find in the piece a love-story. And is it anything more than a love-story ? a love-story coloured by the peculiar phase of feeling and emotion through which the poet was passing at the time of its composition ? *Romeo and Juliet* was written by a young man. It is natural for youth to believe strongly in the existence of such things as loyalty and love and truth. Time brings disillusions. The poet does not become a cynic and cease to believe in good ; only he perceives that there is evil too in the world, fickleness and disloyalty as well as fidelity. And so, as a dramatist should, he shows the other side of the shield. *Romeo and Juliet* is a study of love from one stand-point ; *Troilus and Cressida* is a study of love from exactly the opposite stand-point ; *et voilà tout.*"

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, king of Troy.
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} his sons.
MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} Trojan commanders.
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.
MENELAUS, his brother
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} Grecian princes.
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.
CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.*

Ulysses (from ancient gem)

PROLOGUE

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that 's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions; Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples

And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard; and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault, do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

BEFORE AGAMEMNON'S TENT (Scene 3)

ACT I

SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's Palace*

Enter TROILUS, *armed, and* PANDARUS

Troilus. Call here my varlet; I 'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of Troy
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pandarus. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Troilus. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pandarus. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pandarus. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pandarus. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troilus. Still have I tarried.

Pandarus. Ay, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troilus. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! — When she comes! — When is she thence?

Pandarus. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troilus. I was about to tell thee. — When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pandarus. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's — well, go to — there were no more comparison between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, — but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but —

Troilus. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love; thou answer'st 'she is fair,'
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pandarus. I speak no more than truth.

Troilus. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pandarus. Faith, I 'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Troilus. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pandarus. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troilus. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pandarus. Because she 's kin to me, therefore she 's not so fair as Helen; an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a blackamoor; 't is all one to me.

Troilus. Say I she is not fair?

Pandarus. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father. Let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Troilus. Pandarus, —

Pandarus. Not I.

Troilus. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pandarus. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit Pandarus. An alarum.*

Troilus. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus, — O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. —
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl.
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS

Æneas. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Troilus. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æneas. That Paris is returned home and hurt.

Troilus. By whom, Æneas?

Æneas. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troilus. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æneas. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Troilus. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?

Æneas. In all swift haste.

Troilus. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Same. A Street*

Enter Cressida *and* Alexander

Cressida. Who were those went by?

Alexander. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cressida. And whither go they?

Alexander. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd.
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cressida. What was his cause of anger?

Alexander. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cressida. Good; and what of him?

Alexander. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cressida. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alexander. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cressida. But how should this man that makes me smile make Hector angry?

Alexander. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cressida. Who comes here?

Alexander. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS

Cressida. Hector 's a gallant man.

Alexander. As may be in the world, lady.

Pandarus. What 's that? what 's that?

Cressida. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pandarus. Good morrow, cousin Cressid; what do you talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cressida. This morning, uncle.

Pandarus. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cressida. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pandarus. Even so; Hector was stirring early.

Cressida. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pandarus. Was he angry?

Cressida. So he says here.

Pandarus. True, he was so; I know the cause too. He 'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there 's Troilus will not come far behind him. Let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cressida. What, is he angry too?

Pandarus. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cressida. O Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

Pandarus. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cressida. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pandarus. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cressida. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pandarus. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cressida. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pandarus. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cressida. So he is.

Pandarus. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cressida. He is not Hector.

Pandarus. Himself! no, he 's not himself; would a' were himself! — Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end. — Well, Troilus, well; I would my heart were in her body. — No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cressida. Excuse me.

Pandarus. He is elder.

Cressida. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pandarus. Th' other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when th' other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cressida. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pandarus. Nor his qualities.

Cressida. No matter.

Pandarus. Nor his beauty.

Cressida. 'T would not become him; his own 's better.

Pandarus. You have no judgment, niece; Helen

herself swore th' other day that Troilus, for a brown favour — for so 't is, I must confess, — not brown neither, —

Cressida. No, but brown.

Pandarus. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cressida. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pandarus. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cressida. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pandarus. So he has.

Cressida. Then Troilus should have too much. If she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pandarus. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cressida. Then she 's a merry Greek indeed.

Pandarus. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window, — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin, —

Cressida. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pandarus. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cressida. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pandarus. But to prove to you that Helen loves him, — she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin —

Cressida. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pandarus. Why, you know, 't is dimpled; I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cressida. O, he smiles valiantly!

Pandarus. Does he not?

Cressida. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn!

Pandarus. Why, go to, then; but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cressida. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pandarus. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cressida. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pandarus. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess, —

Cressida. Without the rack.

Pandarus. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cressida. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pandarus. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

Cressida. With mill-stones.

Pandarus. And Cassandra laughed.

Cressida. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pandarus. And Hector laughed.

Cressida. At what was all this laughing?

Pandarus. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cressida. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pandarus. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cressida. What was his answer?

Pandarus. Quoth she, 'Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cressida. This is her question.

Pandarus. That 's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he; 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cressida. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pandarus. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cressida. So I do.

Pandarus. I 'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you an 't were a man born in April.

Cressida. And I 'll spring up in his tears an 't were a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pandarus. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cressida. At your pleasure. 189

Pandarus. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I 'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cressida. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes*

Pandarus. That 's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR *passes*

Cressida. Who 's that? 198

Pandarus. That 's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough. He 's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. — When comes Troilus? — I 'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cressida. Will he give you the nod?

Pandarus. You shall see.

Cressida. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes*

Pandarus. That 's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there 's a fellow! — Go thy way, Hector! — There 's a brave man, niece. — O brave Hector! — Look how he looks! there 's a countenance! is 't not a brave man? 212

Cressida. O, a brave man!

Pandarus. Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there 's no jesting; there 's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say! there be hacks!

Cressida. Be those with swords? 219

Pandarus. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it 's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good! Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

PARIS *passes*

Look ye yonder, niece; is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt; why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! — Would I could see Troilus now! — You shall see Troilus anon. 229

HELENUS *passes*

Cressida. Who 's that?

Pandarus. That 's Helenus. — I marvel where Troilus is. — That 's Helenus. — I think he went not forth to-day. — That 's Helenus.

Cressida. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pandarus. Helenus? no. Yes, he 'll fight indifferent well. — I marvel where Troilus is. — Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? — Helenus is a priest.

Cressida. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes*

Pandarus. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus. — 'T is Troilus! there 's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry! 242

Cressida. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pandarus. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. — Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! — Had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 253

Cressida. Here come more.

Forces *pass*

Pandarus. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran,

chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone! crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cressida. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pandarus. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cressida. Well, well.

Pandarus. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cressida. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date 's out.

Pandarus. You are such another woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cressida. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pandarus. Say one of your watches.

Cressida. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward

what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pandarus. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pandarus. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pandarus. Good boy, tell him I come. — [*Exit Boy*] I doubt he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

Cressida. Adieu, uncle.

Pandarus. I 'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cressida. To bring, uncle?

Pandarus. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cressida. By the same token, you are a bawd. — [*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this, —
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is;
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent*

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others*

Agamemnon. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?

The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin;
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass or matter by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nestor. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men; the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse, — where 's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune, for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage
As rous'd with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
Rechides to chiding fortune.

Ulysses. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, — [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway, —
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life, —
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue, — yet let it please both, —
Thou great, and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.

Agamemnon. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulysses. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other, whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny!
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion of the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead;
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nestor. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agamemnon. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulysses. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action —
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls —
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, —
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a-mending, with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries 'Excellent! 't is Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration.'
That 's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'T is Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth, — to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet, — and at this sport
Sir Valour dies, cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor. And in the imitation of these twain —
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice — many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place

As broad Achilles, keeps his tent like him,
Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites —
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint —
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulysses. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand ; the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight, —
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war ;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nestor. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

Agamemnon. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Menelaus. From Troy.

Enter Æneas

Agamemnon. What would you fore our tent?

Æneas. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agamemnon. Even this.

Æneas. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agamemnon. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æneas. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agamemnon. How!

Æneas. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agamemnon. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æneas. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace.
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth,

But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agamemnon. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æneas. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agamemnon. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æneas. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

Agamemnon. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æneas. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agamemnon. Speak frankly as the wind.
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æneas. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud. —
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector, — Priam is his father, —
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown. He bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece

That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agamemnon. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home; but we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nestor. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian host

One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æneas. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulysses. Amen.

Agamemnon. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulysses. Nestor!

Nestor. What says Ulysses?

Ulysses. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nestor. What is 't?

Ulysses. This 't is:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nestor. Well, and how?

Ulysses. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nestor. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up;
And, in the publication, make no strain
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough, — will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulysses. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nestor. Yes, 't is most meet; whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells.
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate, and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general,
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd
He that meets Hector issues from our choice,

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulysses. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nestor. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulysses. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him;
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery,
And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector; among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nestor. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon; go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ENTER CASSANDRA (Scene 2)

ACT II

SCENE I. *A Part of the Grecian Camp*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES

Ajax. Thersites!

Thersites. Agamemnon — how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Thersites. And those boils did run? say so, did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Thersites. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? [*Beating him*] Feel, then.

Thersites. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak! I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Thersites. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Thersites. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Thersites. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not! my fingers itch.

Thersites. I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Thersites. Thou grumblest and railest every hour

on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Thersites. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Thersites. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Thersites. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Thersites. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Thersites. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Thersites. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do!

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus

Achilles. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? — How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Thersites. You see him there, do you?

Achilles. Ay; what 's the matter?

Thersites. Nay, look upon him.

Achilles. So I do; what 's the matter?

Thersites. Nay, but regard him well.

Achilles. Well! why, I do so.

Thersites. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achilles. I know that, fool.

Thersites. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Thersites. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones; I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, — Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, — I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achilles. What?

Thersites. I say, this Ajax— [*Ajax offers to beat him.*

Achilles. Nay, good Ajax.

Thersites. Has not so much wit —

Achilles. Nay, I must hold you.

Thersites. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achilles. Peace, fool!

Thersites. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not, — he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall —

Achilles. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Thersites. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patroclus. Good words, Thersites.

Achilles. What 's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Thersites. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Thersites. I serve here voluntary.

Achilles. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Thersites. E'en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achilles. What, with me too, Thersites?

Thersites. There 's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

Achilles. What, what?

Thersites. Yes, good sooth! to, Achilles! — to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Thersites. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patroclus. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Thersites. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achilles. There 's for you, Patroclus.

Thersites. I will see you hanged, like clotpolls, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patroclus. A good riddance.

Achilles. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain — I know not what; 't is trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achilles. I know not. 'T is put to lottery; otherwise He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, *and* Helenus

Priam. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else —
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war —
Shall be struck off.' — Hector, what say you to 't?

Hector. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen, — I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troilus. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waist most fathomless

With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
Helenus. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
Troilus. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates and sleep. Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.
Hector. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Troilus. What is aught but as 't is valued?
Hector. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
Troilus. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
And did him service; he touch'd the ports desir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went —
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,' —
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize —
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried 'inestimable!' — why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did, —
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cassandra. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Priam. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troilus. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cassandra. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hector. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving*

Cassandra. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hector. Peace, sister, peace!

Cassandra. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hector. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Troilus. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra 's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
Paris. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels;
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Priam. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights.
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Paris. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd
Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hector. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners; now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd; thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you

In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troilus. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hector. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
I have a roisting challengé sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent*

Enter Thersites, *solus*

Thersites. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I 'll learn to conjure and raise devils but I 'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there 's Achilles, a rare enginer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. — O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen! — What ho! my Lord Achilles! 22

Enter Patroclus

Patroclus. Who 's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Thersites. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation, but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I 'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. — Where 's Achilles? 34

Patroclus. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Thersites. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES

Achilles. Who 's there?

Patroclus. Thersites, my lord.

Achilles. Where, where? — Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what 's Agamemnon?

Thersites. Thy commander, Achilles. — Then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patroclus. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Thersites. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patroclus. Thou mayst tell that knowest. 50

Achilles. O, tell, tell!

Thersites. I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patroclus. You rascal!

Thersites. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achilles. He is a privileged man. — Proceed, Thersites.

Thersites. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool. 61

Achilles. Derive this; come.

Thersites. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patroclus. Why am I a fool?

Thersites. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here? 69

Achilles. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody. — Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Thersites. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon! Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, *and* Ajax

Agamemnon. Where is Achilles?

Patroclus. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agamemnon. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers ; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him.
Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patroclus. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulysses. We saw him at the opening of his tent ;
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart. You may call it melancholy if you will favour the man, but, by my head, 't is pride ; but why, why ? let him show us the cause. — A word, my lord.

[*Takes Agamemnon aside.*

Nestor. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulysses. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nestor. Who, Thersites ?

Ulysses. He.

Nestor. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulysses. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nestor. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish than their faction, but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulysses. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS

Nestor. No Achilles with him.

Ulysses. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patroclus. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake, —
An after-dinner's breath.

Agamemnon. Hear you, Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthièr than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance, yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report, —
' Bring action hither, this cannot go to war.
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.

Patroclus. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Agamemnon. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. — Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agamemnon. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am.

Agamemnon. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agamemnon. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agamemnon. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and

your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nestor. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself; is 't not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses

Ulysses. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agamemnon. What 's his excuse?

Ulysses. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agamemnon. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulysses. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath; imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

Agamemnon. Let Ajax go to him. —
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'T is said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulysses. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles.
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion. —
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him!'

Nestor. [*Aside to Diomedes*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Diomedes. [*Aside to Nestor*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I 'll pash him o'er the face.

Agamemnon. O, no, you shall not go!

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride. Let me go to him.

Ulysses. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nestor. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulysses. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I 'll let his humours blood.

Agamemnon. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulysses. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

Nestor. [*Aside*] An 't would, you 'd carry half.

Ulysses. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I 'll make him supple.

Nestor. [*Aside*] He 's not yet through warm; force him with praises. Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulysses. [*To Agamemnon*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nestor. Our noble general, do not do so.

Diomedes. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulysses. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man — but 't is before his face;

I will be silent.

Nestor. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulysses. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

Nestor. What a vice were it in Ajax now, —

Ulysses. If he were proud, —

Diomedes. Or covetous of praise, —

Ulysses. Ay, or surly borne, — 240

Diomedes. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulysses. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck,
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain
And give him half, and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom, 250
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here 's Nestor, —
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nestor. Ay, my good son.
Diomedes. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulysses. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war.
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast;
And here 's a lord, — come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agamemnon. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep;
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

HELEN UNARMING HECTOR

ACT III

SCENE I. *Troy. Priam's Palace*

Enter a Servant *and* PANDARUS

Pandarus. Friend, you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Servant. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pandarus. You depend upon him, I mean?

Servant. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pandarus. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Servant. The Lord be praised!

Pandarus. You know me, do you not?

Servant. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pandarus. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Servant. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pandarus. I do desire it.

Servant. You are in the state of grace.

Pandarus. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. — [*Music within.*] What music is this?

Servant. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pandarus. Know you the musicians?

Servant. Wholly, sir.

Pandarus. Who play they to?

Servant. To the hearers, sir.

Pandarus. At whose pleasure, friend?

Servant. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pandarus. Command, I mean, friend.

Servant. Who shall I command, sir?

Pandarus. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Servant. That 's to 't indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at

the request of Paris my lord, who 's there in person ; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul, —

Pandarus. Who, my cousin Cressida ?

Servant. No, sir, Helen ; could you not find out that by her attributes ?

Pandarus. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Servant. Sodden business ! there 's a stewed phrase indeed ! 44

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended*

Pandarus. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them ! — especially to you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow !

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pandarus. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. — Fair prince, here is good broken music. 51

Paris. You have broke it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. — Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pandarus. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, —

Pandarus. Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very rude. 59

Paris. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pandarus. I have business to my lord, dear queen. — My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we 'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pandarus. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. — But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus, —

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord, —

Pandarus. Go to, sweet queen, go to; — commends himself most affectionately to you, —

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pandarus. Sweet queen, sweet queen! that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pandarus. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no! — And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, —

Pandarus. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Paris. What exploit 's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord, —

Pandarus. What says my sweet queen? — My

cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Paris. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pandarus. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Paris. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pandarus. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Paris. I spy.

Pandarus. You spy! what do you spy? — Come, give me an instrument. — Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pandarus. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pandarus. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pandarus. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this; I 'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pandarus. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. — O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pandarus. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Paris. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pandarus. In good troth, it begins so.

[Sings.] *Love, love, nothing but love, still more!*
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe!
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still.
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Paris. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pandarus. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who 's a-field to-day?

Paris. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something. — You know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pandarus. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Paris. To a hair.

Pandarus. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pandarus. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Paris. They 're come from field; let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector. His stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, — disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Paris. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Same. Pandarus's Orchard*

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus's Boy, *meeting*

Pandarus. How now! where 's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pandarus. O, here he comes. —

Enter Troilus

How now, how now!

Troilus. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pandarus. Have you seen my cousin?

Troilus. No, Pandarus; I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pandarus. Walk here i' the orchard, I 'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Troilus. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,

As doth a battle when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pandarus. She 's making her ready, she 'll come straight ; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite. I 'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain ; she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Troilus. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom ;
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA

Pandarus. Come, come, what need you blush? shame 's a baby. — Here she is now ; swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. — What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills. — Why do you not speak to her? — Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so ; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter ; the air is sweet. Nay, you

shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Troilus. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pandarus. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she 'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here 's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably' — Come in, come in; I 'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cressida. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troilus. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cressida. Wished, my lord! The gods grant, — O my lord!

Troilus. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cressida. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troilus. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cressida. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear; to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Troilus. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cressida. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troilus. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas; live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;

thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit. 86

Cressida. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters? 92

Troilus. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith; Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus. 101

Cressida. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pandarus. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cressida. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pandarus. I thank you for that; if my lord get a

boy of you, you 'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troilus. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pandarus. Nay, I 'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won. They are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where they are thrown.

Cressida. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. —
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Troilus. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cressida. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it. — In faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

Troilus. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pandarus. Pretty, i' faith.

Cressida. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.
I am asham'd. — O heavens! what have I done? —
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troilus. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pandarus. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning, —

Cressida. Pray you, content you.

Troilus. What offends you, lady?

Cressida. Sir, mine own company.

Troilus. You cannot shun yourself.

Cressida. Let me go and try.
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone. —
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Troilus. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cressida. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Troilus. O that I thought it could be in a woman —
As, if it can, I will presume in you —
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me, —
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love !
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
Cressida. In that I 'll war with you.
Troilus. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right !
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus ; when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration, —
' As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,' —
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
' As true as Troilus ' shall crown up the verse
And sanctify the numbers.
Cressida. Prophet may you be !
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said 'as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Pandarus. Go to, a bargain made! seal it, seal it; I 'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say, amen.

Troilus. Amen.

Cressida. Amen.

Pandarus. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death; away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Grecian Camp*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas

Calchas. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted;
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agamemnon. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Calchas. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you — often have you thanks therefore —
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage, and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agamemnon. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange.
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Diomedes. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent*

Ulysses. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent.
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; — and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last. 'T is like he 'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him;
If so, I have derision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good; pride hath no other glass

To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.
Agamemnon. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along. —
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achilles. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agamemnon. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nestor. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achilles. No.
Nestor. Nothing, my lord.
Agamemnon. The better.
[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*
Achilles. Good day, good day.
Menelaus. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*
Achilles. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achilles. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achilles. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achilles. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patroclus. They pass by strangely; they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,

To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achilles. What, am I poor of late?
'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declin'd is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I 'll interrupt his reading. —
How now, Ulysses!

Ulysses. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achilles. What are you reading?

Ulysses. A strange fellow here
Writes me that man — how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achilles. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes, nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form,
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
Ulysses. I do not strain at the position, —
It is familiar, — but at the author's drift,
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,
That has he knows not what. — Nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! — Now shall we see to-morrow —
An act that very chance doth throw upon him —
Ajax renown'd. — O heavens, what some men do
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achilles. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulysses. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,

For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours,
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer; welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was!
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
And drave great Mars to faction.
Achilles. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulysses. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achilles. Ha! known!
Ulysses. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery — with whom relation
Durst never meddle — in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena.

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patroclus. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achilles. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patroclus. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achilles. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patroclus. O, then, beware!
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achilles. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.

I 'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. —

Enter THERSITES

A labour sav'd!

Thersites. A wonder!

Achilles. What?

Thersites. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achilles. How so?

Thersites. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achilles. How can that be?

Thersites. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, — a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head an 't would out;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vainglory. He knows

not me; I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He 's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achilles. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Thersites. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering. Speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achilles. To him, Patroclus; tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Patroclus. Jove bless great Ajax.

Thersites. Hum!

Patroclus. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Thersites. Ha!

Patroclus. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent, —

Thersites. Hum!

Patroclus. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Thersites. Agamemnon!

Patroclus. Ay, my lord.

Thersites. Ha!

Patroclus. What say you to 't?

Thersites. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patroclus. Your answer, sir.

Thersites. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patroclus. Your answer, sir.

Thersites. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achilles. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thersites. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains I know not, but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achilles. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Thersites. Let me bear another to his horse, for that 's the more capable creature.

Achilles. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Thersites. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ÆNEAS MEETING PARIS

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Troy. A Street*

Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, *and* Servant *with a torch; from the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches*

Paris. See, ho! who is that there?

Deiphobus. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æneas. Is the prince there in person? —
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diomedes. That 's my mind too. — Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Paris. A valiant Greek, Æneas, — take his hand, —
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æneas. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce ;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute !

Diomedes. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long, health !
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æneas. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Diomedes. We sympathize. — Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,

With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æneas. We know each other well.

Diomedes. We do, and long to know each other worse.

Paris. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —
What business, lord, so early?

Æneas. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Paris. His purpose meets you; 't was to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think —
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge —
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore; I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æneas. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Paris. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. — On, lord; we 'll follow you.

Æneas. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.*

Paris. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?
Diomedes. Both alike.
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Paris. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Diomedes. She 's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Paris. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well, —
We 'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Same. Court of Pandarus's House*

Enter Troilus *and* Cressida

Troilus. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cressida. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troilus. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed! sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cressida. Good morrow, then.

Troilus. I prithee now, to bed.

Cressida. Are you aweary of me?

Troilus. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cressida. Night hath been too brief.

Troilus. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought. —
You will catch cold and curse me.

Cressida. Prithee, tarry. —
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,

And then you would have tarried. Hark! There 's one up.

Pandarus. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?

Troilus. It is your uncle.

Cressida. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS

Pandarus. How now, how now! how go maidenheads? — Here, you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?

Cressida. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pandarus. To do what? to do what? let her say what; what have I brought you to do?

Cressida. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you 'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pandarus. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cressida. Did not I tell you? — Would he were knock'd i' the head! — [*Knocking within.*
Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see. —
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troilus. Ha, ha!

Cressida. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. — [*Knocking within.*
How earnestly they knock! — Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pandarus. Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what 's the matter?

Enter Æneas

Æneas. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pandarus. Who 's there? my lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æneas. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pandarus. Here! what should he do here?

Æneas. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pandarus. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I 'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æneas. Who! — nay, then, come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere you 're ware. You 'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter Troilus

Troilus. How now! what 's the matter?

Æneas. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Troilus. Is it so concluded? 70

Æneas. By Priam and the general state of Troy.
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Troilus. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; — and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æneas. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pandarus. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck! 81

Re-enter Cressida

Cressida. How now! what 's the matter? who was here?

Pandarus. Ah, ah!

Cressida. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pandarus. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cressida. O the gods! what 's the matter?

Pandarus. Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cressida. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pandarus. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death, 't will be his bane, he cannot bear it.

Cressida. O you immortal gods! — I will not go.

Pandarus. Thou must.

Cressida. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity,
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I 'll go in and weep, —

Pandarus. Do, do.

Cressida. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Same. Street before Pandarus's House*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes

Paris. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. — Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Troilus. Walk into her house.
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Paris. I know what 't is to love,
And would, as I shall pity, I could help! —
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Same. Pandarus's House*

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida

Pandarus. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cressida. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it; how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief.

My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
Pandarus. Here, here, here he comes. —

Enter Troilus

Ah, sweet ducks!
Cressida. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*
Pandarus. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. '*O heart*,' as the goodly saying is,

'—— *O heart, heavy heart,*
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'

where he answers again,

'*Because thou canst not ease thy smart*
By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. — How now, lambs?
Troilus. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.
Cressida. Have the gods envy?
Pandarus. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.
Cressida. And is it true that I must go from Troy?
Troilus. A hateful truth.
Cressida. What, and from Troilus too?
Troilus. From Troy and Troilus.
Cressida. Is it possible?
Troilus. And suddenly; where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how;
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troilus. Hark! you are called; some say the Genius so
Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die. —
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pandarus. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cressida. I must then to the Grecians?

Troilus. No remedy.

Cressida. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Troilus. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart, —

Cressida. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Troilus. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.
I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself
That there 's no maculation in thy heart,
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
My secret protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cressida. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but I 'll be true.

Troilus. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cressida. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troilus. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cressida. O heavens! 'be true' again!

Troilus. Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They 're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise.
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy —
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin —
Makes me afeard.

Cressida. O heavens! you love me not.

Troilus. Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games, — fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant, —
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.
Cressida. Do you think I will?
Troilus. No.
But something may be done that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æneas. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord, —
Troilus. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Paris. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!
Troilus. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cressida. My lord, will you be true?
Troilus. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault.
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true,' — there 's all the reach of it. —

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Diomedes. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress and command him wholly.
Troilus. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.
Diomedes. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust, and know you, lord,

I 'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say ' be 't so,'
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour, ' no.'

Troilus. Come, to the port. — I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. —
Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet within.*

Paris. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æneas. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Paris. 'T is Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Deiphobus. Let us make ready straight.

Æneas. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out*

Enter Ajax, *armed;* Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, *and others*

Agamemnon. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe;
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulysses. No trumpet answers.

Achilles. 'T is but early days.

Agamemnon. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulysses. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait.
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, *with* Cressida

Agamemnon. Is this the lady Cressid?

Diomedes. Even she.

Agamemnon. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nestor. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulysses. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nestor. And very courtly counsel; I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achilles. I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady;
Achilles bids you welcome.

Menelaus. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patroclus. But that 's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulysses. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Patroclus. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine.
Patroclus kisses you.

Menelaus. O, this is trim!

Patroclus. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Menelaus. I 'll have my kiss, sir. — Lady, by your leave.

Cressida. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patroclus. Both take and give.

Cressida. I 'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Menelaus. I 'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cressida. You 're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Menelaus. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Cressida. No, Paris is not; for you know 't is true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Menelaus. You fillip me o' the head.

Cressida. No, I 'll be sworn.

Ulysses. It were no match, your nail against his horn. —
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cressida. You may.
Ulysses. I do desire it.
Cressida. Why, beg, then.
Ulysses. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cressida. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.
Ulysses. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Diomedes. Lady, a word. I 'll bring you to your father. [*Exit with Cressida.*
Nestor. A woman of quick sense.
Ulysses. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's langûage in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agamemnon. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with* Attendants

Æneas. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agamemnon. Which way would Hector have it?

Æneas. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achilles. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æneas. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achilles. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æneas. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achilles. A maiden battle, then? — O, I perceive you!

Re-enter Diomedes

Agamemnon. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it, — either to the uttermost
Or else a breath; the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulysses. They are oppos'd already.

Agamemnon. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulysses. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows.
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agamemnon. They are in action.

Nestor. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Troilus. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

Agamemnon. His blows are well dispos'd. — There, Ajax!

Diomedes. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æneas. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Diomedes. As Hector pleases.

Hector. Why, then will I no more. —
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all
And this is Trojan, the sinews of this leg
All Greek and this all Troy, my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek and this sinister
Bounds in my father's,' by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud; but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax. —
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms!
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector;
Thou art too gentle and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.
Hector. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st oyes
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æneas. There is expectance here from both the sides
What further you will do.
Hector. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement. — Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success —
As seld I have the chance — I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Diomedes. 'T is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hector. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. — Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hector. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agamemnon. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy.
But that 's no welcome; understand more clear,
What 's past and what 's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion,

But in this extant moment faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hector. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agamemnon. [*To Troilus*] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Menelaus. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hector. Who must we answer?

Æneas. The noble Menelaus.

Hector. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove.
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Menelaus. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.

Hector. O, pardon! I offend.

Nestor. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd,
That I have said to some my standers by,
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling; this have I seen,
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good,
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æneas. 'T is the old Nestor.
Hector. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time.
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nestor. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hector. I would they could.
Nestor. Ha!
By this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! — I have seen the time —
Ulysses. I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hector. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulysses. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hector. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet, and modestly I think
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulysses. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achilles. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou! —
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hector. Is this Achilles?

Achilles. I am Achilles.

Hector. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

Achilles. Behold thy fill.

Hector. Nay, I have done already.

Achilles. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hector. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achilles. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew; answer me, heavens!
Hector. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achilles. I tell thee, yea.
Hector. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. —
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips,
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin. —
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't.
You may have every day enough of Hector
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hector. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achilles. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night all friends.

Hector. Thy hand upon that match.

Agamemnon. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we; afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him. —
Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*

Troilus. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulysses. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus;
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night,
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troilus. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulysses. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Troilus. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due! Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

Achilles. I 'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I 'll cool to-morrow. —
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patroclus. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites

Achilles. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?

Thersites. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.

Achilles. From whence, fragment?

Thersites. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patroclus. Who keeps the tent now? 10

Thersites. The surgeon's box or the patient's wound.

Patroclus. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Thersites. Prithee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patroclus. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that? 17

Thersites. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patroclus. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Thersites. Do I curse thee?

Patroclus. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Thersites. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk, thou green scarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patroclus. Out, gall!

Thersites. Finch-egg!

Achilles. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it.
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour or go or stay,
My major vow lies here, this I 'll obey. —
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent. —
Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Thersites. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I 'll be a curer of madmen. Here 's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, — the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuck-

olds, a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain hanging at his brother's leg, — to what form but that he is should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. — Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, *and* Diomedes, *with lights*

Agamemnon. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;
There, where we see the lights.

Hector. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulysses. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter Achilles

Achilles. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agamemnon. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hector. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

Menelaus. Good night, my lord.

Hector. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Thersites. Sweet draught; sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achilles. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.

Agamemnon. Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

Achilles. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Diomedes. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector.

Hector. Give me your hand.

Ulysses. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent. 86
I 'll keep you company.

Troilus. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hector. And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*

Achilles. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*

Thersites. That same Diomed 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound, but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when

Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him; they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I 'll after. — Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same. Before Calchas's Tent*

Enter DIOMEDES

Diomedes. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Calchas. [*Within*] Who calls?

Diomedes. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. — Where 's your daughter?

Calchas. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them,* THERSITES

Ulysses. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA

Troilus. Cressid comes forth to him.

Diomedes. How now, my charge!

Cressida. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Troilus. Yea, so familiar!

Ulysses. She will sing any man at first sight.

Thersites. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she 's noted. 11

Diomedes. Will you remember?

Cressida. Remember! yes.

Diomedes. Nay, but do, then,
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Troilus. What should she remember?
Ulysses. List.
Cressida. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Thersites. Roguery!
Diomedes. Nay, then, —
Cressida. I 'll tell you what, —
Diomedes. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin; you are forsworn.
Cressida. In faith, I cannot; what would you have me do?
Thersites. A juggling trick, — to be secretly open.
Diomedes. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cressida. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Diomedes. Good night.
Troilus. Hold, patience!
Ulysses. How now, Trojan!
Cressida. Diomed, —
Diomedes. No, no, good night; I 'll be your fool no more.
Troilus. Thy better must.
Cressida. Hark, one word in your ear.
Troilus. O plague and madness!
Ulysses. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous,
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Troilus. Behold, I pray you!
Ulysses. Nay, good my lord, go off.
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Troilus. I pray thee, stay.
Ulysses. You have not patience; come.
Troilus. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!
Diomedes. And so, good night.
Cressida. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troilus. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulysses. Why, how now, my lord!
Troilus. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cressida. Guardian! — why, Greek!
Diomedes. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cressida. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulysses. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Troilus. She strokes his cheek!
Ulysses. Come, come.
Troilus. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

Thersites. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Diomedes. But will you, then?

Cressida. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Diomedes. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cressida. I 'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulysses. You have sworn patience.

Troilus. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA

Thersites. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cressida. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Troilus. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulysses. My lord, —

Troilus. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cressida. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He lov'd me — O false wench! — Give 't me again.

Diomedes. Whose was 't?

Cressida. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night;
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Thersites. Now she sharpens. — Well said, whetstone.

Diomedes. I shall have it.

Cressida. What, this?

Diomedes. Ay, that.

Cressida. O, all you gods! — O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Diomedes. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troilus. I did swear patience.

Cressida. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not,
I 'll give you something else.

Diomedes. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cressida. It is no matter.

Diomedes. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cressida. 'T was one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Diomedes. Whose was it?

Cressida. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Diomedes. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troilus. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cressida. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past, — and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Diomedes. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cressida. You shall not go. — One cannot speak a word
But it straight starts you.

Diomedes. I do not like this fooling.

Thersites. Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes not you pleases me best.

Diomedes. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cressida. Ay, come. — O Jove! — do come. — I shall be plagu'd.

Diomedes. Farewell till then.

Cressida. Good night; I prithee, come. —
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude! [*Exit.*

Thersites. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

Ulysses. All 's done, my lord.

Troilus. It is.

Ulysses. Why stay we, then?

Troilus. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulysses. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troilus. She was not, sure.

Ulysses. Most sure she was.

Troilus. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulysses. Nor mine, my lord; Cressid was here but now.

Troilus. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics — apt, without a theme,
For depravation — to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule; rather think this not Cressid.

Ulysses. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Troilus. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Thersites. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Troilus. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse
That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bifold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt. This is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulysses. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troilus. Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus; never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Thersites. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troilus. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

Ulysses. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS

Æneas. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troilus. Have with you, prince. — My courteous lord, adieu. —
Farewell, revolted fair! — and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulysses. I 'll bring you to the gates.

Troilus. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Thersites. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery! still, wars and lechery!

nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

Scene III. *Troy. Before Priam's Palace*

Enter Hector *and* Andromache

Andromache. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hector. You train me to offend you; get you in.
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!

Andromache. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hector. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra

Cassandra. Where is my brother Hector?

Andromache. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cassandra. O, 't is true.

Hector. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cassandra. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hector. Be gone, I say; the gods have heard me swear.

Cassandra. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
Andromache. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to so use violent thefts
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cassandra. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hector. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. —

Enter Troilus

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
Andromache. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*
Hector. No, faith, young Troilus, doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Troilus. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hector. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Troilus. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.
Hector. O, 't is fair play.
Troilus. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hector. How now! how now!
Troilus. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers
And, when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth!
Hector. Fie, savage, fie!
Troilus. Hector, then 't is wars.
Hector. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Troilus. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, *with* Priam

Cassandra. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast.

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous;
Therefore, come back.

Hector. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hector. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cassandra. O Priam, yield not to him!

Andromache. Do not, dear father.

Hector. Andromache, I am offended with you;
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*

Troilus. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cassandra. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, 'Hector! Hector 's dead! O Hector!'

Troilus. Away! Away!

Cassandra. Farewell! — yet, soft! — Hector, I take my leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hector. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town; we 'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

Troilus. They are at it, hark! — Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus

Pandarus. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troilus. What now?

Pandarus. Here 's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troilus. Let me read.

Pandarus. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days; and I have a rheum in

mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't. — What says she there?

Troilus. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way. —
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. —
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Grecian Camp*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter THERSITES

Thersites. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm. I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t' other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals — that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses — is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-

day, whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism and policy grows into an ill opinion. — Soft! here comes sleeve and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following*

Troilus. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx
I would swim after.

Diomedes. Thou dost miscall retire; 20
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Thersites. Hold thy whore, Grecian! — now for thy whore, Trojan! — now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR

Hector. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Thersites. No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy rogue. 29

Hector. I do believe thee; live. [*Exit.*

Thersites. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What 's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I 'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Plains*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* SERVANT

Diomedes. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Servant. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON

Agamemnon. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius; Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd. The dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR

Nestor. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field.
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,

And there lacks work; anon he 's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses

Ulysses. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Diomedes. Ay, there, there.
Nestor. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES

Achilles. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where 's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Plains*

Enter AJAX

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

Diomedes. Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Diomedes. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS

Troilus. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Diomedes. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I 'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.
Diomedes. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Troilus. Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR

Hector. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES

Achilles. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!

Hector. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achilles. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use.
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hector. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS

Troilus. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I 'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. — Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour

Hector. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark. —
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I 'll frush it and unlock the rivets all

But I 'll be master of it. — Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why, then fly on, I 'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Another Part of the Plains*

Enter Achilles, *with* Myrmidons

Achilles. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel.
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath,
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye. —
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menelaus *and* Paris, *fighting: then* Thersites

Thersites. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game; ware horns, ho! 12

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon

Margarelon. Turn, slave, and fight.

Thersites. What art thou?

Margarelon. A bastard son of Priam's.

Thersites. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate.

One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel 's most ominous to us; if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Margarelon. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

Scene VIII. *Another Part of the Plains*

Enter Hector

Hector. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I 'll take good breath.
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles *and* Myrmidons

Achilles. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set,
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels!
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hector. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achilles. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. — [*Hector falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down! 11
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. —
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain. —
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myrmidon. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achilles. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. — [*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX. *Another Part of the Plains*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, *and others, marching. Shouts within*

Agamemnon. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nestor. Peace, drums!

[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Diomedes. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agamemnon. March patiently along. Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt marching.*

Scene X. *Another Part of the Plains*

Enter Æneas *and* Trojans

Æneas. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus

Troilus. Hector is slain.
All. Hector! the gods forbid!
Troilus. He 's dead, and at the murtherer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. —
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æneas. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Troilus. You understand me not that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there, 'Hector 's dead!'
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away;
Hector is dead, there is no more to say.

Stay yet. — You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I 'll through and through you ! — and, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts. —
Strike a free march to Troy ! with comfort go ;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As Troilus *is going out, enter, from the other side,* Pandarus

Pandarus. But hear you, hear you !

Troilus. Hence, broker-lackey ! ignomy and shame Pursue thy life and live aye with thy name ! [*Exit.*

Pandarus. A goodly medicine for my aching bones ! — O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited ! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ? Let me see :

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths :

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made;
It should be now, but that my fear is this, —
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then I 'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

NOTES

CHAUCER

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse ; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse ; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by i. 1. 1 of the present play : "Call here my varlet ; I'll unarm again."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows : —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line ; as in i. 1. 8: "Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *valiant*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. In i. 2. 6 ("He chid Andromache and struck his armourer") we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *armourer*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable ; as in i. 1. 5: "Let him to field ; Troilus, alas! hath none ; " and i. 1. 8, quoted above. In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth ; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line ; as in i. 1. 30 and 106. In 30 the second syllable of *sufferance* is superfluous ; and in 106 that of *Ilium*. In i. 1. 60, the second syllable of *spirit* is superfluous as often.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse ; as, for instance, in i. 1. 10 and 12. In 10 the last syllable of *ignorance*, and in 12 that of *infancy* are metrically equivalent to accented syllables ; and so with the last syllable of *Pandarus* (twice) in i. 1. 50, and the last of *comparison* in i. 1. 58.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable ; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play, i. 3. 134 ("Of pale and bloodless emulation") appears to have only nine syllables, but *emulation* has five syllables ; and in i. 3. 166 *oration* is a quadrisyllable. *Preventions* in i. 3. 181 and *execution* in i. 3. 210 are similarly lengthened. This length-

ening occurs most frequently at the end of the line, but in ii. 3. 178 ("and that great minds, of partial indulgence" — a female line) *partial* is a trisyllable.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as, *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *more*, *your*, etc. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the two; as in i. 3. 30: "Lies rich in virtue and unmingled [unmingl(e)ed]; *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" [childeren, the original form of the word]; *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc. See also on *secrets* (iv. 2. 72).

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* (iv. 1. 451); *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as, *balance*, *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *fair'st* in i. 3. 265, *dear'st* in i. 3. 337, *stern'st*, *kind'st*, *secret'st*, etc.), and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for met-

rical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* (see on ii. 2. 206) in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cónfine* (noun) and *confíne*, *máture* and *matúre*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *distinct* (see on iv. 4. 45) and *distínct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct* (see on i. 3. 92), *advértised* (ii. 2. 211), *húmane* (iv. 1. 20), *sinister* (iv. 5. 28), *canónize* (ii. 3. 202), *sepúlchre* (verb), *persév'er* (never *persevére*), *perséverance* (iii. 3. 150), *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 65, i. 3. 37, 77, 126, 141, 148, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play out of almost 1900 ten-syllable verses, only about 180 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes; as in 15 of the 24 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *couch'd*, line 41, and *drown'd*, line 51, of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *wedged*, line 37, where the word is a dissyllable, and *returned*, line 114 (a trisyllable). The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays.—This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In this play we find scenes entirely in verse (none entirely in prose) and others in which the two are mixed. In general, verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the

very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter ; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in this instance. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), " Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose ; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Rolfe's *Life of Shakespeare* (1904); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere : His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds. ; some with the title,

Shakespeare Heroines); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Abbreviations in the Notes. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakespere Society, etc.).

CASSANDRA

PROLOGUE

The Prologue is not found in the quarto. Ritson and Steevens (1793) were the first to suggest that it is not Shakespeare's — an opinion in which the modern critics generally concur. White remarks: "Its style is not unlike Chapman's; and he was just the man to be called upon (perhaps by S. himself) to write it. May it not be his?"

2. *Orgulous.* Proud, haughty (Fr. *orgueilleux*); "orgillous" in the folios. The word is found in Froissart and other old writers.

4. *Fraught.* Laden; participle of the old verb *fraught* (*Cymb.* i. 1. 126), now used only in a figurative sense. Cf. *fraughtage* in 13 below.

6. *Crownets.* Coronets; used by S. in *A. and C.* iv. 2. 27 and v. 2. 91.

8. *Immures.* Walls, fortifications. The noun occurs nowhere else in S.; but the verb is used seven times. See *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 26, iv. 3. 328, *M. of V.* ii. 7. 52, etc.

13. *Fraughtage.* Freight; used by S. in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 87.

15. *Brave.* Fine, handsome; as in i. 2. 191 below.

Six-gated city. Theobald reads "six gates i' th' city." The names of the gates are those given by Caxton.

18. *Fulfilling.* Theobald prints "full-filling," which is what the word means: filling full their sockets. Wiclif has, in *Matthew*, v. 6: "Blessid be thei that hungren and thirsten rigtwisnesse: for thei schal be fulfillid;" and in *Luke*, xvi. 21: "to be fulfillid of the crummys that fellen down fro the riche mannes boord." Blackstone cites the *Prayer-Book:* "fulfilled with grace and benediction." *Corresponsive* is used by S. only here, and *correspondent* only in *Temp.* i. 2. 297.

19. *Sperr.* An old word = shut, bar; the emendation of Theobald for the "Stirre" of the folio. It is used by Spenser, Warner, and others. Knight quotes Chaucer, *T. and C.:* "For when he saw her dores sperred all."

23. *A prologue arm'd*, etc. "I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject — in a dress of war, before a warlike play" (Johnson). The speaker of the prologue usually wore a black cloak.

27. *Vaunt.* Beginning, first part; from the Fr. *avant.* Cf. *vaunt-couriers* in *Lear*, iii. 2. 5.

ACT I

Scene I. — Neither the quarto nor the folio text is divided into acts and scenes.

1. *Varlet.* Servant, footman (the modern *valet*); as in *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 2: "My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!" Cf. the original use of *knave* = boy, servant.

6. *Gear.* Business, matter. See *R. and J.* ii. 4. 107, *M. of V.* i. 1. 110, ii. 2. 176, etc.

7. *To.* In addition to. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 52: —

"And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour," etc.

10. *Fonder.* More foolish; the usual meaning of *fond* in S.

14. *Meddle nor make.* A proverbial expression. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 56: "the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is your honesty."

19. *Bolting.* Sifting; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 375. It is used figuratively in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 137 and *Cor.* iii. 1. 322.

30. *Blench at sufferance.* Flinch at suffering. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 626, etc. See also ii. 2. 68 below.

33. *So, traitor!* etc. The quarto reads: "So traitor then she comes when she is thence;" and the folio: "So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence." The correction is due to Rowe and commends itself.

39. *Storm.* The early eds. have "scorne;" corrected by Rowe.

53. *Indrench'd.* Used by S. only here.

55. *Pour'st in the open ulcer*, etc. Hudson adopts the conjecture of Barry and Lettsom that this line should be put after 63, changing *Pour'st* to "Pour'd." This seems plausible at first thought, but it makes a confusion of metaphor in the latter part of the passage; the ideas of an *ulcer* and a *gash* made by a *knife* being mixed. Besides this change necessitates others quite as bold, but hardly to be justified when the original text gives a consistent meaning. The whole passage reads thus in Hudson: —

"I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, *She is fair;*
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice
Handlest in thy discourse; — (O that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
And spirit of sense the cygnet's down is harsh
As the hard hand of ploughman!) — this thou tell'st me,
And true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her:
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm

Pour'd in the open ulcer of my heart,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it."

This may serve as a summary of the changes that have been proposed by the editors and commentators, for it combines nearly all of them.

57. *O, that her hand*, etc. Various changes have been made by the editors, but none is needed. Malone notes the admiration of S. for the beauty of a woman's hand. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 35, *W. T.* iv. 4. 373, *R. of L.* 393, etc.

59. *To whose soft seizure*, etc. White thinks it possible that we should read: —

" to whose soft seizure
And spirit of sense the cygnet's down is harsh ; "

but adds : " But I am quite sure that rather than make so violent a change we must accept the following construction: 'to whose soft seizure the cygnet's down and spirit of sense is harsh,' etc." Schmidt well defines *spirit of sense* as " sense or sensibility itself ; " which seems to be its meaning in iii. 3. 106 below, where it is applied to the eye. *Seizure* (= clasp) seems a strong word here ; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 241, where it refers to hands joined in betrothal. The only other instance in S. (if it be his) is in *P. P.* 152.

For *to* = compared to, cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 140, i. 5. 52, etc.

70. *She has the mends in her own hands.* This seems to have been a proverbial expression. Steevens quotes, among other instances of it, Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Wild Goose Chase:* " The mends are in my own hands, or the surgeon's ; " and Burton, *Anat. of Melancholy:* " if men will be jealous in such cases, the mends is in their own hands, they must thank themselves." The meaning seems generally to be that one " must make the best of it ; " and that is probably the sense here. There can be no reason for printing " 'mends," as some editors do.

80. *As fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.* As fair in her

plainest dress as Helen in her best; apparently alluding, as Clarke remarks, to the Roman Catholic idea of making Friday a day of abstinence and Sunday a day of festivity.

85. *To stay behind her father.* According to Caxton, as quoted by Steevens, Calchas was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the Oracle at Delphi concerning the result of the war threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying: Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." Chaucer tells the story in much the same way.

101. *Tetchy.* Touchy; spelt "teachy" in the early eds. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 168 and *R. and J.* i. 3. 32.

102. *Stubborn-chaste.* The hyphen was inserted by Theobald and is generally adopted. The early eds. have a comma instead.

103. *Daphne.* For other allusions to the nymph, see *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 231 and *T. of S.* ind. 2. 59.

106. *Ilium.* The poetical name for the city of Troy; but S. seems to use it for the palace of Priam, as Caxton does in his *Destruction of Troy*, where the palace is thus described: "In this open space of the city, upon a rock, King Priamus did build his rich palace named *Ilion*, that was one of the richest and strongest in all the world. It was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, so high, as it seemed to them that saw from far, they reacht Heaven. And in this palace King Priamus did make the richest Hall that was at that time in all the world: within which was his throne; and the table whereupon he did eat, and held his estate among his nobles, princes, lords, and barons, was of gold and silver, precious stones, and of ivory."

111. *Sorts.* Suits, is fitting; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 209: "Why then it sorts, brave warriors," etc.

116. *A scar.* A wound; as often. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 193, 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 87, etc.

Scene II. — Knight remarks: "This scene, in which Pandarus so characteristically describes the Trojan leaders, is founded upon a similar scene in Chaucer, in which the same personage recounts the merits of Priam's two valiant sons: —

'Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell;
In all this world there n' is a better knight
Than he, that is of worthiness the well,
And he well more of virtue hath than might;
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:
And the same praise of Troilus I say:
God help me, so I know not suché tway.

'Pardie, quod she, of Hector there is soth,
And of Troilus the same thing trow I,
For dredéless[1] men telleth that he doth
In armés day by day so worthily,
And bear'th him here at homé so gently
To every wight, that allé praise hath he
Of them that me were levest praiséd be.[2]

'Ye say right soth, I wis, quod Pandarus,
For yesterday whoso had with him been
Mighten have wonder'd upon Troilus;
For never yet so thick a swarm of been[3]
Ne flew, as Greekés from him gonnen fleen,
And through the field in every wightés ear
There was no cry but "Troilus is there!"

'Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast,
There n'as but Greekés blood and Troilus;
Now him he hurt, and him all down he cast;
Aye where he went it was arrayéd thus:
He was their death, and shield and life for us,
That as that day there durst him none withstand
While that he held his bloody sword in hand.'"

[1] Doubtless. [2] Whose praise I should most desire. [3] Bees.

4. *Battle.* Changed by Pope to "fight;" but the second syllable of *battle* may be an extra one. In either case *patience* is a trisyllable.

7. *Like as.* Cf. *Sonn.* 60. 1 : "Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore," etc. *Husbandry* = thrift, economy. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 4 : —

> "There 's husbandry in heaven ;
> Their candles are all out," etc.

8. *Harness'd light.* It has been disputed whether this means that he was armed promptly or in light armour. I am inclined to accept the former explanation. For the adverbial use of *light*, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 401 : "Hop as light as bird from brier," etc.

9. *Where every flower*, etc. For the figure (evidently suggested by the dewdrops), cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 204 : "And when she weeps, weeps every little flower."

12. *Noise.* Rumour, report ; as in *A. and C.* i. 2. 145 : "Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly," We still speak of a thing as being "noised abroad" (*L. L. L.* ii. 1. 22).

15. *Per se.* By himself, of himself ; pre-eminent. It was applied in spelling to every letter which formed a separate syllable, and hence came to be used figuratively of objects standing alone in distinction or excellence. Chaucer calls Cresseide "the floure and *a per se* of Troie and Grece." Cf. the *Mirror for Magistrates :* "Beholde me, Baldwine, *A per se* of my age." Nares quotes H. Petowe, in Brydges's *Restituta :* —

> "And singing mourne Eliza's funerall,
> The *E per se* of all that ere hath beene."

Dekker has, in the title of one of his pamphlets : "a new crier, called *O per se O*," etc.

20. *Additions.* Qualities, characteristics ; literally, titles. Cf. ii. 3. 249 below.

23. *Crushed into folly.* "Confused and mingled with folly, so as that they make one mass together" (Johnson).

27. *Against the hair.* Or, as we say, "against the grain." For this use of *hair*, see *M. W.* ii. 3. 41 : "against the hair of your profession." *Joints* = limbs, as often ; here used for the pun that follows.

29. *Briareus.* The only allusion to the old hundred-armed giant in S. For other references to the many-eyed *Argus*, see *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 201 and *M. of V.* v. 1. 230.

34. *Disdain.* Ignoring as in *R. of L.* 521 : "hang their heads at this disdain."

75. *Condition.* Hanmer reads "On condition ;" which is of course the meaning. Cf. *Lord Cromwell*, v. 4 : "Would 't were otherwise, condition, I spent half the wealth I have." For *walking barefoot*, etc., cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 38 : "I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip."

78. *Time must friend or end.* A proverbial expression.

87. *Wit.* The early eds. have "will ;" corrected by Rowe.

96. *Favour.* Face ; as often. Cf. iv. 5. 213 below.

114. *Merry Greek.* A play upon the expression, which was often = reveller, boon companion. Cf. iv. 4. 56 below.

116. *Compassed window.* Bow-window, or bay-window.

119. *A tapster's arithmetic.* Which was limited to his small dealings with his customers. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 40 : "I am ill at reckoning ; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster."

125. *Lifter.* A play on the word as applied to a thief. Cf. the modern *shoplifter*.

133. *Valiantly.* Singer conjectures "daintily ;" but Cressida uses the word as *bravely* was commonly used (= finely), and ironically withal.

135. *An 't were a cloud in autumn.* That is, like a cloud boding bad weather, or more like a frown than a smile.

143. *Idle.* There is an obvious play on *addle.*

145. *Marvellous.* The early eds. have "maruel's" or "marvel's;" corrected by Pope.

147. *Without the rack.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 23 : —

> "*Bassanio.* Let me choose;
> For as I am I live upon the rack.
> *Portia.* Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
> What treason there is mingled with your love."

153. *With mill-stones.* "To weep mill-stones" was a proverbial expression = not to weep at all. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 354 : "Your eyes drop mill-stones when fools' eyes fall tears;" and *Id.* i. 4. 246 : —

> "Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
> 1 *Murderer.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep."

166. *Two and fifty.* So in all the early eds., both here and below. Most of the modern editors follow Theobald in changing *two* to "one;" but, as White remarks, the error is probably Shakespeare's. He was perhaps thinking for the moment of the familiar use of *two and fifty* for an indefinite number; as in *T. of S.* i. 2. 81, etc. Knight remarks that "the Margarelon of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in act v., is one of the additions to the old classical family;" but others take the ground that he was reckoned among the fifty.

173. *Forked.* That is, horned; the trite joke about the horns of the cuckold, as in i. 1. 117 above. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 276.

176. *It passed.* That is, passed description. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 310, iv. 2. 127, etc. Cressida plays upon the word in her reply.

183. *Born in April* Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 2. 43 : "The April 's in her eyes," etc.

185. *Against May.* That is, just before May.

191. *Bravely.* Finely, admirably. See on 133 above, and cf. *brave* just below.

199. *Shrewd.* "Shrow'd" in the early eds. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 46 : "beshrew all shrows," etc. Steevens quotes Lydgate's description of *Antenor* : —

"Copious in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, whenas he was in companie,
So driely, that no man could it espie:
And therewith held his countenance so well,
That every man received great content
To hear him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
When he was pleasant and in merriment:
For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
Yet in his speech some jest he always had."

202. *Proper man of person.* Comely man in person; a common use of *proper*. *Of* = as regards; as often.

207. *The rich shall have more.* That is, you 'll be all the more a *noddy;* apparently alluding to the Scriptural expression, "To him that hath shall be given," combined with the old joke about *giving the nod*, and thus indirectly calling a person a *noddy*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 119: —

"*Proteus.* But what said she?
Speed. [*First nodding.*] Ay.
Proteus. Nod — ay — why, that's noddy.
Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod, and you asked me if she did nod; and I say ay.
Proteus. And that set together is noddy.
Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains."

221. *By God's lid.* That is, by God's eye; often contracted into *'slid!* as in *M. W.* iii. 4. 24 and *T. N.* iii. 4. 427.

253. *An eye.* The quarto reading; the folios have "money."

264. *Camel.* Cf. ii. 1. 55 below.

270. *Such like.* The quarto reading; "so forth" in the folios.

273. *No date in the pie.* Dates were a common ingredient in the pastry of the poet's time. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 4. 2: "They call for dates and quinces in the pastry."

276. *At what ward.* In what posture of defence. Cf. 1. *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 215: "Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay," etc.

279. *Honesty.* Chastity ; as often. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 55, ii. 1. 88, ii. 2. 75, etc.

281. *At a thousand watches.* Ever on the watch.

285. *Watch you for telling.* Watch against your telling, see that you don't tell.

291. *There he unarms him.* Omitted in the folios.

293. *Doubt.* Suspect, fear ; as often.

296. *To bring, uncle?* "I'll be with you to bring" was an idiomatic expression = I 'll bring as good as I get, I'll be even with you. Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy :* —

> "And heere Ile haue a fling at him, that's flat ;
> And, Balthazar, Ile be with thee to bring ; "

and Heywood, *Fair Maid of the West :* "And Ile go furnish myself with some better accoutriments, and Ile be with you to bring presently."

307. *That she.* That woman. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83: "the only she ; " *Cymb.* i. 6. 40: "two such shes," etc.

310. *Achievement is command,* etc. That is, after we have obtained what we desire, we play the masters ; before it, the suitors. Cf. *achieve* = win, gain ; as in *T. of S.* i. 1. 161: "If I achieve not this young modest girl," etc.

311. *My heart's content,* etc. True love is the foundation of my heart's happiness.

Scene III. — 7. *Conflux.* Confluence, flowing together ; used by S. only here.

9. *Tortive.* Twisted, distorted. It is the only instance of the word in S. ; and the same is true of *errant.*

11. *Suppose.* The noun occurs also in *T. of S.* v. 1. 120 and *T. A.* i. 1. 440.

12. *Troy walls.* Cf. "Pisa walls" (*T. of S.* ii. 1. 369), "Corioli walls" (*Cor.* i. 8. 8), etc.

13. *Sith.* Since. Cf. v. 2. 120 below.

14. *Record.* S. accents the noun on either syllable, according to the measure.

15. *Bias.* Originally a term in the game of bowls. See on iv. 5. 8 below. It is here used adverbially = awry. So *thwart* = athwart, or crosswise.

18. *Our works.* What we have done; that is, the little we have been able to accomplish. *Works* has been suspected, and "mocks," "wrecks," etc., have been substituted.

20. *Protractive.* Like *persistive*, used by S. nowhere else. This play abounds in words used only once by him.

24. *Artist.* Scholar. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 10, where *artists* = learned physicians.

25. *Affin'd.* United by affinity, related. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 39, ii. 3. 218.

27. *Broad.* The quarto reading; "lowd" in the folio.

30. *Unmingled.* A quadrisyllable. Cf. p. 181 above.

32. *Apply.* "Explain, interpret" (Schmidt); or apply to other cases, illustrate by other instances.

33. *Reproof.* Refutation, confutation. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 313, iii. 2. 23, etc.

38. *Boreas.* The only instance of the classical name of the north wind in S.

39. *Thetis.* The sea-goddess who was the mother of Achilles (cf. 212 and iii. 3. 94 below); here used poetically for the sea — perhaps, as Schmidt suggests, confounded with *Tethys*, the wife of Oceanus.

42. *Perseus' horse.* Pegasus, the winged horse of Bellerophon, is evidently meant. S. follows Caxton; though, as Steevens remarks, "Pegasus might fairly be called *Perseus' horse*, because the heroism of Perseus had given him existence" — that is, by killing Medusa, from whose blood the beast was said to have sprung. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 22: "le cheval volant, the Pegasus." See also 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 109.

45. *A toast.* That is, a dainty bit to be swallowed; probably

suggested by the practice of putting a toast in a cup of sack. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 5. 3: "Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't."

48. *Brize.* Gadfly; as in *A. and C.* iii. 10. 14: "The brize upon her, like a cow in June."

51. *Fled.* That is, have fled.

54. *Rechides.* The early eds. have "Retires" or "Retyres." Pope has "Returns," Hanmer "Replies," and Dyce "Retorts." *Rechides* is the conjecture of Lettsom. It is favoured by the following *chiding*, the repetition being in Shakespeare's manner. Here, moreover, it is in keeping with the preceding line.

56. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic; as very often. The quarto spells it "spright."

63. *Agamemnon and the hand of Greece*, etc. "The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion" (Johnson). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 11: —

> "When it deserves with characters of brass
> A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
> And razure of oblivion."

For other instances of *brass* = brazen tablet, see *W. T.* i. 2. 360, *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 97, and *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 45. On the other hand, S. nowhere uses the word for a bronze statue.

65. *Hatch'd in silver.* Literally, engraved (Fr. *haché*) in silver; a figurative way of calling Nestor silver-haired. The fine lines cut in the metal by the engraver suggested the comparison. Steevens cites *Love in a Maze*, 1632: —

> "Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch'd
> With silver."

Johnson and Schmidt take the expression to refer to the speech of Nestor, as *high in brass* does to that of Agamemnon; and something can be said for that interpretation.

66. *Should with a bond of air*, etc. That is, should enforce the

attention of all the Greeks. Mr. Verity remarks that the whole passage is evidently a reminiscence of a stanza in *Lucrece*, 1401–1407: —

> "There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
> As t' were encouraging the Greeks to fight,
> Making such sober action with his hand
> That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight.
> In speech, it seem'd, his *beard, all silver white*,
> Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
> *Thin winding breath*, which purl'd up to the sky."

67. *Greekish.* The folios have "Greekes" or "Greeks." See on iii. 3. 211 below.

70. *Expect.* Expectation; the only instance of the noun in S. *Suspect* (= suspicion) occurs eight or ten times.

73. *Mastic.* The reading of all the early eds., changed by Rowe to "mastiff," to which, according to some, it is equivalent. White remarks: "*Mastix*, said to be the feminine of *mastigia*, was used to mean a whip or scourge, especially of a moral kind. See the following passage from the *Arcadia*, in which the term is applied to one of Thersites' kidney: 'and therefore sometimes looking upon an old acquaintance of his called *Mastix*, one of the repiningst fellowes in the world, and that beheld nobody but with a mind of mislike, (saying still the world was amiss, but how it should be amended he knew not,)' etc. *Mastic* was probably used here to avoid the cacophony of 'his mastix jaws;' or possibly 'masticke' is a misprint of 'masticks;' but it has generally been regarded as an error for 'mastiff' — an epithet the appropriateness of which to the jaws of Thersites I cannot see, as he was one of those barking dogs that never bite." The meaning of the passage is: "there is less expectation of hearing needless and purposeless matter from you than confidence of hearing Thersites speak sweetly, wittily, or wisely: . . . one of those sentences in which S. gives the effect of antithesis instead of an actual antithesis" (Clarke).

77. *These instances.* Referring to what follows.

78. *The specialty of rule.* "The particular rights of supreme authority" (Johnson).

80. *Hollow upon this plain*, etc. Mason would omit the first *hollow*, Steevens the second one. As it stands the line is an Alexandrine.

81. *When that the general*, etc. "When the general is not *to the army* like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage?" (Johnson).

83. *Degree* = rank. *Vizarded* = covered with a *vizard*, or *vizor;* masked.

85. *This centre.* The earth, the centre of the Ptolemaic universe. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 102: —

> "The centre is not big enough to bear
> A school-boy's top."

Verplanck remarks here: "It is possible that the poet had this thought suggested by an analogous passage, of equal eloquence, in his contemporary Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' of which the first parts were published in 1594. If it were not, it was no very strange coincidence between the thoughts of men of large and excursive minds, at once poetical and philosophical, applied to the most widely differing subjects. There is a noble passage in the first book of Hooker, singularly like this in thought, and in sustained, lofty, moral eloquence. In his magnificent generalization of Law, as at once the rule of moral action and government, and the rule of natural agents, he says: — 'If nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch, now united above our heads, should loosen and dissolve itself; if

celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and, by irregular volubility, turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now, as a giant, doth run his unwearied course, should, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breast of their mother,—what would become of man himself? See we not that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?'

"Hooker's subsequent remarks on 'the law of the common weal' singularly remind the reader of the more rapid view given by the poet of 'the unity and married calm of states,' and the ills by which it is disturbed."

87. *Insisture.* "Persistency, constancy" (Schmidt); a word found nowhere else.

89. *Planet Sol.* According to the Ptolemaic astronomy, the sun was one of the planets revolving around the *centre.*

90. *Spher'd.* That is, set in its crystalline sphere, as each planet was supposed to be.

91. *Medicinable.* Medicinal. The early eds. have "med'cinable," which indicates the pronunciation, as elsewhere in S. Cf. iii. 3. 44 below, and *Oth.* v. 2. 351, etc. *Other* refers to the other planets.

92. *Aspects.* An astrological term for the peculiar position and influence of a heavenly body. Cf. *R. of L.* 14, *Sonn.* 26. 10, *W. T.* ii. 1. 107, *Lear*, ii. 2. 112, etc. S. always accents the word on the second syllable.

94. *Sans.* Without; a word quite Anglicized in the time of S., being used in French and Italian dictionaries to explain *sans* and *senza.*

95. *Evil mixture.* Referring to the supposed malignant *conjunctions* of the planets.

99. *Deracinate.* Root out, tear up by the roots. The verb is used again in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 47.

101. *Fixure!* Stability. The 3d and 4th folios have "fixture." *Fixure* occurs again in *W. T.* v. 3. 67. For *shak'd* (cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124, *Cymb.* i. 5. 76, etc.) Rowe substitutes "shaken," which S. uses less frequently.

104. *Brotherhoods.* "Corporations, companies, confraternities" (Johnson).

105. *Dividable.* Divided; used by S. only here. We find *dividant* in the same sense in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 5. *Individable* occurs in *Ham.* ii. 2. 418. *Commerce* is accented on the second syllable, as in iii. 3. 205 below.

106. *Primogenity.* The quarto has "primogenitie" and the folio "primogenitiue." Rowe reads "primogeniture," which is what the word means. Some modern eds. read "primogenitive."

111. *Mere.* Absolute; as in 287 below. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 2. 3: "the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet," etc. *Oppugnancy* (= antagonism) is used by S. only here.

112. *Should.* Would; as in the following lines.

117. *Jar.* Conflict, contention; as in *V. and A.* 100, etc.

119. *Includes itself in.* Ends in, finally comes to. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 160.

125. *Suffocate.* For the form, cf. *infect* in 187 below.

127. *Neglection.* Neglect, disregard; found also in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 3. 49 and *Per.* iii. 3. 20 (in the quartos; "neglect" in the folios).

128. *By a pace.* "Step by step" (Johnson). The meaning is: "By neglecting to observe due degree of priority, men lose ground while striving to advance; since each person who pushes on regardless of his superiors will be pushed back in turn by them" (Clarke).

132. *Pace.* Referring, like the preceding *step*, to the officer occupying the grade. *Sick* = envious.

134. *Pale and bloodless.* "Not vigorous and active" (Johnson). *Emulation* is metrically five syllables.

138. *Discover'd.* Disclosed, unfolded; as often.

139. *Power.* Army; as often used in both numbers.

148. *Scurril.* Used by S. only here, as *scurillous* only in *W. T.* iv. 4. 215.

151. *Pageants.* Mimics; as in a *pageant*, or theatrical representation. For the noun, cf. iii. 2. 77 and iii. 3. 273 below. *Sometime* is used by S. interchangeably with *sometimes.*

152. *Thy topless deputation.* The supreme power deputed to thee (by the other Greek chiefs). "*Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it" (Johnson).

153. *Like a strutting player*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 24:—

> "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more."

155. *The wooden dialogue.* "The epithet *wooden* has admirable significance here; not only conveying to the ear the resounding tread of the *strutting player* on the boards, but bringing to our eye his puppet hardness and stiffness as well as the awkward stupidity of his look and action" (Clarke).

156. *Stretch'd.* Strained, affected. *Scaffoldage* = the floor of the stage; used by S. only here. Cf. the similar use of *scaffold* in *Hen. V.* prol. 10: "On this unworthy scaffold."

157. *O'er-wrested.* Overstrained, exaggerated. The early eds. have "ore-rested" or "o're-rested;" corrected by Pope.

159. *Like a chime a-mending.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 166: "Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh." *Unsquar'd* = unsuitable, not shaped and adapted to the purpose. Cf. *square* in v. 2. 132 below.

160. *Typhon.* Typhoeus, a mythical giant, who attempted to dethrone Jupiter, but was defeated and imprisoned under Etna.

161. *Hyperboles.* White thinks that the word is pronounced *hy-pér-boles*, but I cannot agree with him. *Fusty* = musty, mouldy; as in ii. 1. 100 below.

166. *Dress'd.* Some editors print "'dress'd," as if contracted

from "address'd;" but the original meaning of *dress* is to put in order, prepare. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 10, *M. for M.* i. 1. 20, etc. *Oration* is a quadrisyllable.

168. *Parallels.* Johnson thinks that "parallels on a map" are meant; but the reference is probably to the opposite extremities of parallel lines, which can be prolonged indefinitely without meeting. *His wife* = Venus.

174. *Gorget.* The part of the armour that defended the throat. The hyphen in *palsy-fumbling* (perhaps not necessary) was inserted by Steevens, and is generally adopted.

178. *Spleen.* Often used for a sudden impulse or fit beyond the control of reason; as here of laughter. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 77, v. 2. 117, *T. of S.* ind. i. 137, etc.

180. *Severals and generals of grace exact.* Our individual and general qualities of "excellence irreprehensible" (Johnson). Schmidt makes it = "the minutest peculiar and general excellencies." Hudson thinks that *of grace exact* is probably = "exact or perfect in respect of grace." Various changes have been made by the editors.

181. *Preventions.* A quadrisyllable. Cf. *execution* in 210 below.

184. *Paradoxes.* Absurdities.

187. *Infect.* For the form see on 125 above.

189. *In such a rein.* "That is, holds up his head as haughtily" (Johnson). For *place* Pope reads "pace;" but no change is really called for, and, as Clarke remarks, "*to bear his head in a forced pace* would be a forced expression."

190. *Broad.* Apparently = puffed up with pride.

191. *State.* Council of war. The word is often used for "persons representing a body politic" (Schmidt). Cf. ii. 3. 262 and iv. 2. 71 below.

193. *Like a mint.* As fast as a mint coins money.

195. *Exposure.* That is, exposure of ourselves in the field.

196. *How rank soever*, etc. "In howsoever high a degree encompassed by danger" (Clarke).

199. *Prescience.* Here accented on the second syllable, but on the first in the other two instances in which S. uses it in verse. Cf. *Temp.* 1. 2. 180 and *R. of L.* 727.

205. *Mappery.* Study of maps; used by S. only here.

210. *His execution.* Its (the ram's) working, or operation. For *his* = its, cf. 354 below.

211. *Achilles' horse,* etc. That is, "at this rate Achilles' horse is as good as Achilles himself" — he being the son of *Thetis.*

228. *Bid.* The folio has "on."

235. *Debonair.* The Fr. *de bon air* (= gentle, affable); used by S. only here.

238. *And, Jove's accord.* And with Jove's accord, Jove granting or favouring. The passage may be corrupt. Malone conjectures that we should read "And with Jove's accord Nothing 's," etc. Schmidt would point it "And Jove's accord, Nothing," etc. He takes the meaning to be "and Jove's assent that nothing is so full of heart." White makes it = "and Jove's spontaneous geniality is not so hearty — as they are, whether as friends or foes." The quarto inserts "great" before *Jove's.*

241. *Distains.* The *Variorum* of 1821 prints "disdains" in text and notes; not recorded in the Cambridge ed. The meaning evidently is that even deserved praise stains or sullies a person if he himself speaks it or induces others to speak it for him.

243. *Repining.* Mortified by defeat.

244. *That praise, sole pure, transcends.* Such praise, the only *pure* or disinterested praise, transcends all other.

253. *Speak frankly as the wind.* Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 220: "I will speak as liberal as the north."

256. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter; as in iv. 5. 6 below.

262. *Long-continued truce.* As Johnson notes, this is inconsistent with i. 2. 33 above; but S. is often guilty of these little inconsistencies. He takes the idea of the *truce* from Caxton.

269. *Confession.* The meaning is, "confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves" (Johnson).

282. *Sunburnt.* That is, not fair. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 331 : "and I am sunburnt."

283. *The splinter of a lance.* "The wording of this challenge is in the true chivalric tone; and it affords one of the instances of the skill with which the dramatist has blended the rich hues of the romance-writers with the Doric simplicity of outline in the classic poets" (Clarke).

Knight remarks : "Steevens says the challenge thus sent 'would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis than Hector or Æneas.' Precisely so. And this was not only the language of romance, but of real life, almost up to the days of Shakspere. In a challenge of the reign of Mary, four Spanish and English knights will maintain a fight on foot at the barriers against all comers, that 'they may show their great desires to serve their ladies by the honourable adventure of their person.' But would Steevens assert that Shakspere did not purposely make the distinction between the Homeric and the feudal ages? He found the challenge of Hector in Homer; he invested it with its Gothic attributes in accordance with a principle. The commentators sneer at Shakspere's violation of chronology in the mention of Aristotle : what do they say to Chaucer's line in the *Troilus and Creseide* — 'He sung, she play'd, he told a tale of *Wade*'? Wade was a hero of the same fabulous school as Bevis and Launcelot. The challenge of Hector is thus rendered by Chapman : —

'Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd
Through all my spirits, commands me speak; Saturnius hath not us'd
His promis'd favour for our truce, but, studying both our ills,
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.
Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive mind
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife,

If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral-pile: if I can slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I 'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I 'll hang them as my trophies due: his body I 'll resign
To be disposed by his friends in flamy funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road;
That, when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,
Survivors sailing the Black Sea may thus his name renew,
This is his monument whose blood long since did fates embrue,
Whom passing fair in fortitude illustrate Hector slew.
This shall posterity report, and my fame never die.' "

288. *That means not*, etc. A good example of the freedom of ellipsis in the Elizabethan time.

293. *Host.* The folio has "mould."

296. *Beaver.* Helmet; properly, the movable front of the helmet. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 230: "he wore his beaver up."

297. *Vantbrace.* Armour for the arm (Fr. *avant bras*); used by S. only here. Steevens cites examples of it from Milton (*S. A.* 1121) and Heywood (*Iron Age*).

300. *In flood.* That is, "taken at the flood" (*J. C.* iv. 3. 219) or its full flow. The metaphor is evidently drawn from the flowing of the tide.

301. *Prove this truth.* The folio has "pawne" for *prove*, and the quarto "troth" for *truth*.

313. *Be you my time.* Play the part of Time in bringing it to maturity.

319. *Nursery.* The metaphor is from a place where plants are raised. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 2: "Padua, nursery of arts," etc.

324. *As substance*, etc. As wealth, whose value, though great, may be summed up in a few little figures. Steevens aptly quotes *Hen. V.* prol. 15: —

"since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million."

See also *W. T.* i. 2. 6 : "like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place." Schmidt explains the passage thus : "as the *material world*, which seems immense, but is calculated and defined by means of little figures ; " but S. often uses *substance* for property or wealth, and that sense seems more natural here.

326. *And, in the publication*, etc. "Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. So [in iii. 3. 112 below] Ulysses says, 'I do not strain at the position ; ' that is, I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it" (Theobald).

328. *Banks of Libya*. That is, the African desert.

332. *Wake him*. Rouse himself.

336. *Much opinion dwells*. Much reputation is involved. Cf. 373 below.

337. *Dear'st*. Most precious.

339. *Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd*. "Our imputed excellence shall be unequally weighed" (Clarke). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 81 : "I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master," etc.

340. *Success*. Issue, result. Cf. ii. 2. 117 below.

341. *Scantling*. Small portion ; used by S. only here. Malone quotes Florio's *Montaigne :* "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a scantling of the fox's."

343. *Small pricks*. "Small points compared with the volumes" (Johnson). *Index* in S. always means a preface, prologue, or table of contents. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 51, *Oth.* ii. 1. 263, etc.

344. *Subsequent*. Accented on the second syllable ; the only instance of the word in S.

349. *Election*. Choice, the thing chosen.

351. *Who miscarrying*. If he is defeated, what encouragement will the victorious side draw thence, to strengthen their good opinion of themselves ? For *part* = party, side, cf. iv. 5. 156 below :

"our Trojan part," etc. Hudson strangely takes *heart* to be the subject and *part* the object, explaining the passage thus: "If the man of our choice should fail, what heart among us will then draw from the issue any *hope* of success, or of conquering, to strengthen his confidence in our ability?"

354. *His.* Its; referring to *opinion.*

356. *Directive.* Capable of being directed; used by S. only here.

357–365. *Give . . . followers.* The quarto reads here: —

> "Giue pardon to my speech? therefore tis meete,
> *Achilles* meete not *Hector*, let vs like Marchants
> First shew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile sell;
> If not; the luster of the better shall exceed,
> By shewing the worst first; do not consent
> That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,
> For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with two strange followers."

361. *To show.* To be shown.

368. *Share.* The folios have "weare."

371. *Salt.* Bitter, pungent.

373. *Our main opinion.* Our general reputation. See on 336 above. *Crush* = destroy.

375. *Blockish.* Clumsy, stupid; used by S. only here; as *block-head* only in *Cor.* ii. 3. 31. *Block* he has several times in a similar sense; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 5. 27, *W. T.* i. 2. 225, *J. C.* i. 1. 40, etc.

376. *Sort.* Lot (Fr. *sort*); the only instance of this meaning in S.

377. *Allowance.* Acknowledgment, approval; as in ii. 3. 138 below. The folio reads "as the worthier man."

378. *The great Myrmidon.* Achilles is so called as being the chief of the Myrmidons. Cf. v. 5. 33, v. 7. 1, etc., below.

379. *Broils in loud applause.* "Basks in the sunshine of applause, even to broiling" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, as Clarke puts it, "swells and sweats in the fire of applause, as broiling meat

swells, spits, and exudes above the red coals." The transitive use of *fall* (= let fall) is common in S. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 2. 26, etc.

382. *Voices.* That is, applauding voices.

392. *Tarre the mastiffs on.* That is, set them on, urge them on. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 117 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 370.

ACHILLES

ACT II

SCENE I. — Knight remarks : "Thersites has been termed by Coleridge 'the Caliban of demagogic life ; ' and he goes on to describe him as 'the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse ; just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist, of his betters.' This is the Thersites of Shakspere ; he of Homer is merely a deformed jester. The wonderful finished portrait is made out of the slightest of sketches : —

'All sat, and audience gave ;
Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out ; of which his mind held more
Than it could manage ; any thing with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings. T' oppose their states becomes not jesters' parts,
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege : he was squint-eyed, and lame of either foot :
So crook-back'd that he had no breast : sharp-headed, where did shoot

(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide ;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing thus : —
"Atrides, why complain'st thou now ? what wouldst thou more of us ?
Thy tents are full of brass, and dames ; the choice of all are thine :
With whom we must present thee first, when any towns resign
To our invasion. Want'st thou then (besides all this) more gold
From Troy's knights to redeem their sons ? whom, to be dearly sold,
I, or some other Greek, must take ? or wouldst thou yet again
Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lusts that reign
In thy encroaching appetite ? It fits no prince to be
A prince of ill, and govern us ; or lead our progeny
By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,
And ills eternal ! Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are : Come, fly
Home with our ships ; leave this man here, to perish with his preys,
And try if we help'd him, or not : he wrong'd a man that weighs
Far more than he himself in worth : he forc'd from Thetis' son,
And keeps his prize still : nor think I that mighty man hath won
The style of wrathful worthily ; he 's soft, he 's too remiss,
Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of injuries."
Thus he the people's pastor chid ; but straight stood up to him
Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,
This bitter check gave : " Cease, vain fool, to vent thy railing vein
On kings thus, though it serve thee well ; nor think thou canst restrain
With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree,
For not a worse, of all this host, came with our king than thee
To Troy's great siege : then do not take into that mouth of thine
The names of kings, much less revile the dignities that shine
In their supreme states ; wresting thus this motion for our home
To soothe thy cowardice ; since ourselves yet know not what will come
Of these designments, — if it be our good to stay or go :
Nor is it that thou stand'st on ; thou revil'st our general so,
Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,
But by our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes me vow
(Which shall be curiously observ'd), if ever I shall hear
This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear

This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,
If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus
Whip thee to fleet from council ; send, with sharp stripes, weeping hence,
This glory thou affect'st to rail." This said, his insolence
He settled with his sceptre, strook his back and shoulders so
That bloody wales rose : he shrunk round, and from his eyes did flow
Moist tears ; and, looking filthily, he sat, fear'd, smarted ; dried
His blubber'd cheeks ; and all the press (though griev'd to be denied
Their wish'd retreat for home) yet laugh'd delightsomely, and spake
Either to other' [Chapman's *Homer*, bk. ii.]."

White says of Thersites (*Galaxy*, Feb., 1877) : "Thersites sits with Caliban high among Shakespeare's minor triumphs. He was brought in to please the mob. He is the Fool of the piece, fulfilling the functions of Touchstone, and Launce, and Launcelot, and Costard. As the grave-diggers were brought into *Hamlet* for the sake of the groundlings, so Thersites came into *Troilus and Cressida*. As if that he might leave no form of human utterance ungilded by his genius, Shakespeare in Thersites has given us the apotheosis of blackguardism and billingsgate. Thersites is only a railing rascal. Some low creatures are mere bellies with no brain. Thersites is merely mouth, but this mouth has just enough coarse brain above it to know a wise man and a fool when he sees them. But the railings of this deformed slave are splendid. Thersites is almost as good as Falstaff. He is of course a far lower organization intellectually, and somewhat lower, perhaps, morally. He is coarser in every way ; his humour, such as he has, is of the grossest kind ; but still his blackguardism is the ideal of vituperation. He is far better than Apemantus in *Timon of Athens*, for there is no hypocrisy in him, no egoism, and, comfortable trait in such a personage, no pretence of gentility. For good downright 'sass' in its most splendid and aggressive form, there is in literature nothing equal to the speeches of Thersites."

2. *Boils.* All the early eds. have "biles," indicating the common pronunciation in the time of S.

6. *Core.* Ulcer; as in v. 1. 4 below. In both passages there may be a quibble on the sense of *heart.*

8. *Matter.* The play upon the word is obvious. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 120. For *matter* = good sense, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 68: "he's full of matter," etc.

12. *The plague of Greece.* "Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army" (Johnson).

13. *Beef-witted.* Steevens quotes *T. N.* i. 3. 90: "I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit." "He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan" (Malone).

14. *Vinewed'st.* Mouldiest, mustiest; found nowhere else in S. The folios have "whinid'st," and the quarto "vnsalted." As Malone remarks, the folio reading is "a corruption undoubtedly of *vinnewdst* or *vinniedst.*" He adds that in Dorsetshire *vinny* is = mouldy.

19. *A red murrain.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 364: "The red plague rid you!" and *Cor.* iv. 1. 13: "the red pestilence," etc.

21. *Learn me.* Tell me. For *learn* = teach, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 365, *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 31, etc.

26. *Porpentine.* Porcupine; the only name of the animal in S.

29. *Scab.* He plays upon the word, which was often used as a term of contempt. For similar quibbles, see *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 107, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 296, and *Cor.* i. 1. 169. The next sentence is omitted in the folio.

37. *Mistress.* Used in contempt, comparing him to an old woman or a termagant.

39. *Cobloaf.* "A crusty, uneven loaf" (Steevens); a hit at the misshapen Thersites.

40. *Pun.* Pound; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes examples of it from Holland's *Pliny.* Cole, in his *Latin Dict.*, defines it by "contero, contundo."

44. *Thou stool for a witch!* Alluding to one of the forms of torture for a witch. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's ed.), iii. 23.

45. *Sodden-witted.* Stupid. *Sodden* is the old participle of *seethe*. For the figure, cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 60 and *W. T.* iii. 3. 64.

47. *Assinego.* The early eds. have "asinico," which some take to be a corruption of the Spanish *asnico*, a little ass. Pope has been followed by most of the modern editors in reading *assinego*, which is used by Beaumont and Fletcher and other writers of the time. *Asinego* is the Portuguese equivalent of *asnico*, and seems to have become in a measure Anglicized. Ben Jonson, in his *Epigrams*, plays upon it for the sake of a fling at Inigo Jones: "You 'd be an ass-inigo by your years."

49. *Bought and sold.* Made a fool of. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 10, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 305, etc.

50. *Use to beat me.* "Continue to beat me, make a practice of beating me" (Steevens).

56. *Mars his idiot.* Mars's idiot. Cf. iv. 5. 177, 255 below.

72. *Modicum.* Used by S. only here.

74. *Bobbed.* Beaten, drubbed. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 334: "beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd."

75. *Pia mater.* The membrane covering the brain put for the brain itself; as in *T. N.* i. 5. 123 and *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 71.

78. *Guts.* The word was not so offensive in the time of S. as now; but if it had been, he would not have hesitated to make Thersites use it.

91. *Set your wit to.* Oppose it to. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 137: "who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?"

101. *Sufferance.* Suffering. See on i. 1. 30 above.

102. *Voluntary.* Adverbial; as in *K. John*, v. 1. 29, etc.

116. *To, Achilles!* That is, on! forward! *To!* was thus used in urging on *draught-oxen*.

123. *Brach.* Hound, dog (properly feminine). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 240: "Lady, my brach;" and *Lear*, i. 4. 125: "the lady brach." The early eds. have "brooch," which the Cambridge ed. retains, and which Schmidt thinks (as Johnson did) to be perhaps = appendage, or hanger-on. But, as Clarke notes, S. elsewhere

uses *brooch* only in the sense of something choice or costly; and Rowe's emendation of *brach* is on the whole to be preferred.

125. *Clotpolls.* Blockheads. Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 51: "Call the clotpoll back." For the literal sense (= head), cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 184: "Cloten's clotpoll."

134. *Stomach.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 35: "he which hath no stomach to this fight," etc.

SCENE II. — 9. *Toucheth my particular.* That is, concerns me personally.

11. *More softer.* Cf. v. 6. 20 below.

15. *Secure.* Careless, over-confident (Latin *securus*). Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 61: "my secure hour," etc. So *surety* = false confidence.

16. *Tent.* Probe. Cf. the play upon the word in v. 1. 11 below.

19. *Dismes.* Tenths; not necessarily = "tens," as some make it, neither is *every tithe soul* = "every ten souls." The meaning is that not only is every tenth soul taken, but there are many thousand of these souls. For *tithe*, cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 89: "One good woman in ten, madam; . . . we 'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson."

29. *Past-proportion.* Immensity. The meaning is: "that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion" (Johnson).

33. *Reasons.* Malone suspected a quibble on *reasons* and *raisins;* as in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 211.

46. *Disorb'd.* That is, thrown out of the crystalline sphere which gives it regular motion. See on i. 3. 90 above. This line and the preceding are transposed in the folios.

48. *Fat.* Feed, nourish; as in *T. A.* iii. 1. 204: "fat me with the very thoughts of it."

49. *Respect.* Deliberation, consideration of consequences. Cf. *R. of L.* 274: —

> "Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
> Respect and reason wait on wrinkled eld!"

50. *Make.* The folios have "Makes," which the grammar of the time allowed; but the quarto reading is to be preferred. For the association of cowardice with a white or bloodless *liver*, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 86, *T. N.* iii. 2. 66, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 113, etc. *Lustihood* = spirit, vigour; as in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 76. For *deject*, see on i. 3. 125 above and on 121 below.

52. *What is aught*, etc. Cf. *Hudibras*: —

> "For what 's the worth of anything
> But so much money as 't will bring?"

54. *His.* Its; referring to *value.*

56. *As in the prizer.* That is, as in the estimation of the prizer.

58. *That is attributive*, etc. "That *attributes*, or gives, the qualities which it affects; that first causes excellence, and then admires it" (Johnson). In 60 Warburton would read "affected 's merit;" but Johnson defends the old text: "The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there." For *attributive* the folios have "inclinable," which Pope prefers.

64. *Traded.* Practised, expert. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 109: "long traded in it."

68. *Blench.* Shrink. See on i. 1. 30 above. *And stand firm by honour* = and yet maintain one's honour.

71. *Unrespective.* Unregardful, or unregarded. *Sieve* here = basket; a sense not unknown in England at this day. The reference is to a waste-basket into which the refuse of the table was thrown. The quarto has "siue," the 1st folio "same," and the later folios "place."

77. *An old aunt.* "Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone).

79. *Stale.* The quarto has "pale." Dyce quotes Wither, *Epithalamia*, 1620: —

"Faire Iris would haue lookt but stale and dimme
In her best colours, had she there appear'd."

See also *W. T.* iv. 1. 13: —

"and make stale
The glistering of this present."

82. *Whose price*, etc. Evidently suggested by Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*: —

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Mr. Verity remarks: "It may be worth while to note that Christopher Marlowe is the only contemporary dramatist to whom Shakespeare definitely alludes in terms of admiration; it is pleasant to think that it should be so. Modern criticism abundantly recognizes the fact that Marlowe rendered English literature the most signal and sovereign services, at once by freeing blank verse from the fetters imposed upon it by the authors of the dreary *Gorboduc*, by elevating and to a certain extent fixing the form and style of the romantic drama, and by driving off the stage the 'jigging veins of rhyming mother wits' that are satirized in the prologue to *Tamburlaine*. Shakespeare's debt to Marlowe was great, and passages in his plays show that he was familiar with the works of his brother poet. Thus in *A. Y. L.* we have (iii. 5. 82) the direct apostrophe to the 'Dead shepherd,' followed by the quotation of the line from *Hero and Leander* which soon became a proverb: 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?' Again, in *M. W.* iii. 1. 17–20, a stanza is introduced from the immortal lyric, 'Come live with me and be my love.' For similar Marlowe touches compare *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 20–27 (a less complimentary allusion), *A. W.* i. 3. 74, 75, and *R. and J.* v. 1. 8, where Romeo's 'breath'd such life with kisses in my lips' is an obvious reminiscence of *Hero and Leander*."

89. *Your proper*. Your own. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "Their proper selves," etc. *Rate* = find fault with.

90. *And do a deed that fortune never did.* "Act with more inconstancy and caprice than ever did fortune" (Henley).

104. *Eld.* The quarto has "elders," the folios "old." *Eld* was the conjecture of Theobald, and is favoured by the use of the word in *M. W.* iv. 4. 36 and *M. for M.* iii. 1. 36.

107. *Moiety.* Portion; not a half. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 96: "my moiety . . . equals not one of yours," etc.

109. *Ilion.* The Greek form of the word, used interchangeably with the Latin *Ilium*.

110. *Our firebrand brother.* Hecuba before the birth of Paris dreamed that she should be delivered of a burning torch. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, x. 705:—

> "una quem nocte Theano
> In lucem genitori Amyco dedit, et face praegnans
> Cisseis regina Parim."

116. *Discourse of reason.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 150: "that wants discourse of reason" (see *Id.* iv. 4. 36), and *Oth.* iv. 2. 153: "discourse of thought." *Discourse* formerly meant the logical process of reasoning.

117. *Bad success.* A bad issue. See on i. 3. 340 above.

121. *Nor once deject the courage*, etc. That is, lower or depress it. Elsewhere S. uses only the participle *dejected*, or the contraction *deject* (as in 50 above and *Ham.* iii. 1. 163).

123. *Distaste.* Spoil the *taste* or quality of. In 66 above it is = disrelish, dislike; and in iv. 4. 48, if we adopt the folio *distasting*, it is intransitive and = to be distasteful (cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 327).

125. *To make it gracious.* To grace it, or set it off.

128. *The weakest spleen.* "The dullest and coldest heart" (Schmidt).

130. *Convince.* Convict; not used elsewhere by S. in this sense.

132. *Attest.* Call to witness; the only instance of this sense in S.

133. *Propension.* Propensity, inclination ; used by S. only here, as *propend* (= incline) only in 190 below.

135. *Can.* For the absolute and transitive use, cf. *Lear*, iv. 4. 8 : —

" What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense ? "

136. *Propugnation.* Defence ; used by S. only here.

139. *Pass.* Pass through, undergo ; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 131, 167, etc.

145. *So to be valiant.* To be valiant in that way.

148. *Rape.* Abduction, carrying off. So *ransack'd* just below = carried off, taken by force ; like the Latin *rapta*. Verity remarks : "Schmidt explains the word as = *ravished* in this play ; but this might be misleading, unless it were explained that *ravishment*, in legal phraseology, meant, originally, what we now call 'abduction ; ' and therefore *ravished* would mean simply 'abducted,' and not, as it would imply generally nowadays, the crime of rape. It will be noticed that just above, in line 148, Paris uses *rape* in the sense in which it was used in Shakespeare's time, for mere 'abduction.' According to Cowell *rape* was used only in this sense in civil law, never in criminal. Spenser uses the word *ransacked* in the sense of 'violate' (i. 6. 5) in the well-known passage where Archimago tries to ravish Una : 'And win rich spoils of *ransackt* chastitee.' Of course the queen is Helen, not, as Hunter says, Hesione."

152. *Her possession.* Possession of her.

154. *Strain.* Impulse ; as often. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 91, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 170, etc.

156. *On our party.* On our *part*, or side. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 34 : "Upon the right and party of her son."

165. *Gloz'd.* Commented ; but, as usual in S., with the added idea of sophistry. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 40 : "unjustly gloze," etc. Mr. Verity cites Milton's "well-plac'd words of *glozing* courtesy" (*Comus*, 161). It is not hard to see how the meaning arose. The *gloss* was the word which needed explanation ; then it came to

signify the explanation itself; and finally, by an easy transition, a false explanation. A good instance of its use occurs in Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, i. 2 : —

> " You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
> That where *the text* is argument of pity,
> Matter of earnest love, *your gloss corrupts it.*"

166. *Young men, whom Aristotle thought*, etc. Aside from the anachronism — common enough in S. — there is a mistake which Bacon has also made in *Adv. of L.* ii. : " Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded, wherein he saith that young men are not fit auditors of moral philosophy, because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience ? " As Mr. Ellis has pointed out, it is not of *moral* but of *political* philosophy that Aristotle speaks. It is possible that S. may have taken the allusion from Bacon's book, which was published in 1605. Judge Holmes (*Authorship of Sh.*) of course tries to make the coincidence tell in favour of the Baconian theory. It is curious that Virgilio Malvezzi, in his *Discorsi sopra Cornelio Tacito*, 1622, makes the same mistake : " E non è discordante da questa mia opinione Aristotele, il qual dice, che i giovanni non sono buoni ascultatori delle *morali*." Other instances of it have been pointed out.

172. *More deaf than adders.* For this old superstition, cf. *Sonn.* 112. 10 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 76. See also Randolph, *Muse's Looking Glass* : —

> " How happy are the moles that have no eyes!
> How blessed the adders that they have no ears! "

177. *Affection.* Here apparently = sensual passion, lust ; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 138 : " Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre."

178. *Of partial indulgence.* That is, *from* or *through* such indulgence (Mason). *Partial* = to which they are unduly inclined. S. does not use the word in the sense of " in part."

179. *Benumbed.* Insensible, or "no longer obedient to superior direction" (Johnson).

184. *These moral laws*, etc. "What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations" (Johnson).

189. *In way of truth*, etc. "Though, considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion, yet as a question of honour I think on it as you" (Johnson).

190. *Spritely.* Spirited; also spelt *sprightly.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 377, etc.

196. *The performance of our heaving spleens.* The carrying out of our resentful impulses.

202. *Canonize.* Enroll among heroes or demigods; accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 177 or *Ham.* i. 4. 47.

206. *Revenue.* Accented by S. on the first or second syllable according to the measure.

208. *Roisting.* Roistering, bullying; used by S. nowhere else.

211. *Advertis'd.* Regularly accented by S. on the second syllable.

212. *Emulation.* In a bad sense (= envy), as often in S. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 3. 14:—

> "My heart laments that virtue cannot live
> Out of the teeth of emulation."

SCENE III. — 5. *'Sfoot.* Corrupted from "God's foot." See on i. 2. 221 above.

8. *Enginer.* An early form of *engineer.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 206 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 65. Cf. also *mutiner*, *pioner*, etc.

12. *Serpentine.* Used by S. only here. It is suggested by the serpents twined on the *caduceus.*

14. *Short-armed.* Some editors adopt Dyce's conjecture of "short-aimed;" but *short-armed* (= not reaching far) is no bad epithet.

19. *Bone-ache.* Cf. v. 1. 23 below, the only other instance of the word in S. It alludes to the effects of venereal diseases.

20. *Placket.* Petticoat ; here = woman. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 186, *W. T.* iv. 4. 245, 622, and *Lear*, iii. 4. 100.

26. *Slipped.* There is a play upon *slip* as applied to a *counterfeit* coin ; as in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 51.

29. *Heaven bless thee from.* That is, preserve thee from. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 5 : "God bless the prince from all the pack of you ! " where the quartos have "keep" for *bless.*

31. *Blood.* "Passions, natural propensities" (Malone). Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 12, ii. 4. 15, 178, v. 1. 477, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 187, etc.

34. *Lazars.* Lepers ; as in v. 1. 67 below.

52. *Decline.* That is, go through in detail, like one *declining* a noun. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 97, *M. W.* iv. 1. 42, etc.

62. *Derive.* Deduce.

68. *Of the prover.* That is, of him who proves to be a fool, or yourself. The reading is that of the quarto ; the folio has "to the creator."

72. *Patchery.* Botching ; or "gross and bungling hypocrisy" (Schmidt). The word occurs again in *T. of A.* v. 1. 99.

74. *Emulous.* Envious. See on ii. 2. 212 above. The folio has "emulations."

75. *Serpigo.* Tetter, leprosy ; mentioned again in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 31. *The subject* = the subject of the quarrel.

80. *Shent.* Rated, scolded ; as in *T. N.* iv. 2. 112 : "I am shent for speaking to you," etc. The quarto has "sate," and the folio "sent ;" corrected by Theobald.

81. *Appertainments.* That is, the dignity belonging to us. The quarto has "appertainings," which is found in *L. C.* 115.

99. *Fraction.* Breach, discord ; as *faction* = union, alliance.

100. *Composure.* Combination, bond ; the only instance of this sense in S. In 242 below, as in *A. and C.* i. 4. 22, it is = composition.

105. *The elephant hath joints*, etc. It was an old notion that the elephant had no joints in his legs. Steevens quotes *All 's Lost by Lust*, 1633 : "Stubborn as an elephant's leg, no bending in her ;" and *All Fools*, 1605 : "I hope you are no elephant, you have joints." Sir Thomas Browne discusses the matter soberly in his *Vulgar Errors*.

110. *This noble state*. Johnson took this to be = "person of high dignity," referring to Agamemnon ; but it probably means "the stately train" accompanying him, as Steevens explains it. Cf. 262 below and iv. 2. 71.

112. *Digestion sake*. The possessive inflection was often omitted before *sake*, not only in nouns ending with a sibilant, but in others. Cf. "fashion sake" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 271), "oath sake" (*T. N.* iii. 4. 326), "sport sake" (1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 78), etc.

113. *Breath*. "Breathing" (*A. W.* i. 2. 17), or exercise. Cf. iv. 5. 92 below.

116. *Apprehensions*. Capacity to apprehend, perception. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 145, *Ham.* ii. 2. 319, etc.

117. *Attribute*. Reputation ; as in *Ham.* i. 4. 22: "The pith and marrow of our attribute."

119. *Not virtuously*, etc. "Not regarded by himself as it becomes a virtuous man, but with pride and arrogance" (Schmidt).

127. *Savage strangeness*. Rude distance or "offishness" of manner. Cf. iii. 3. 45, 51 below. *Tend* = attend, wait on ; like *tend on* in iv. 4. 146 and v. 1. 74 below.

129. *Underwrite*. Subscribe or submit to. Cf. *subscribes to* in iv. 5. 105 below, and *subscription* (= submission) in *Lear*, iii. 2. 118, the only instance of the word in S.

130. *Humorous*. Capricious ; as often. *Predominance* was originally an astrological term.

131. *Lunes*. Lunatic freaks ; as in *W. T.* ii. 2. 30: "These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them !" The folio has "pettish lines," and the quarto "course, and time." *Lunes* is due to Hanmer. Until recently *lunes* had been found in no other

English writer, but Rev. Dr. A. B. Stark informs me that two instances of it occur in Greene's *Mamillia*, reprinted as Vol. I. of Grosart's "Huth Library." On p. 189, we have: "The more she strove against the streame the lesse it did prevaile, the closer shee couered the sparke, the more it kindled: yea, in seeking to unlose the Lunes, the more she was intangled;" and, again, on p. 198: "either thou must be the man which must unlose me from the Lunes, or else I shal remaine in a lothsome Laberinth til the extreme date of death deliuer me." The *New Eng. Dict.* gives no example except from S. earlier than 1778.

133. *Rode on his tide.* Were dependent on him.

135. *Engine.* Used by S. for any instrument or device. Cf. *V. and A.* 367: "the engine of her thoughts" (her tongue); *A. W.* iii. 5. 21: "promises, enticements, oaths, token, and all these engines of lust;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 355: "mortal engines" (cannon), etc.

138. *Allowance.* See on i. 3. 377 above.

141. *In second voice.* With a substitute, or proxy. He must come himself.

160. *Engendering.* Spawn.

166. *Dispose.* Disposition; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 403. Elsewhere it is = disposal.

168. *Self-admission.* Self-approbation; or at his own choice.

170. *Untent.* Used by S. only here.

174. *Self-breath.* That is, the speaking to himself, his own words.

177. *Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 66:—

> "The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection."

179. *Plaguy.* There is a play upon the word, as shown by the following *death-tokens* (=plague-spots). These were the dark

spots on people afflicted with the plague which were supposed to portend death. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 10. 9. Steevens wanted to strike out *plaguy*, which he believed to be "the wretched interpolation of some foolish player."

187. *Seam.* Fat. Ritson says that *swine-seam* is = hog's-lard, in the North of England. Cf. *enseamed* in *Ham.* iii. 4. 92.

190. *Ruminate.* Ruminate on, have reference to.

191. *Of that we hold.* By him whom we regard.

193. *Stale.* Make stale or vulgar. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 1. 38 and *J. C.* i. 2. 73. *Palm;* that is, emblem of honour.

194. *Assubjugate.* Bring into subjection, debase; used by S. only here.

198. *Add more coals to Cancer.* Add heat to the summer; *Cancer* being the zodiacal sign the sun enters at the summer solstice. For *Hyperion* = Apollo, the sun-god, cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 140, iii. 4. 56, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 292, etc.

204. *Pash.* Smash, strike hard enough to crush; used by S. only here and in v. 5. 10 below. Cf. Jonson, *Sejanus:* "You pash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;" Chapman, *Iliad:* "pash'd with mighty stones," etc. Browning has it in *Childe Roland*, stanza 12.

207. *Pheeze.* Probably = tease, torment, but explained by some as = beat. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. i. 1; the only other instance in S.

213. *The raven chides blackness.* "The pot calls the kettle black."

214. *Let his humours blood.* Bleed his humours. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 168: "I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood," etc.

224. *Through warm.* Warmed through, or thoroughly warmed. *Force* = stuff; as in v. 1. 59 below. *Force-meat* is still in use.

233. *Emulous.* Envious. See on 74 above.

235. *Palter.* Shuffle, equivocate; as in v. 2. 48 below.

241. *Strange.* Distant, reserved. See on 127 above. *Self-affected* = self-loving.

242. *Composure.* See on 100 above.

243. *She.* Changed by Pope and White to "her;" but such confusion of the inflections of pronouns occurs often in S. On the passage Steevens compares *Luke*, xi. 27.

244. *Fam'd.* The quarto reading; the folio has "Fame."

249. *Milo.* The famous athlete of Crotona, who is said to have carried a four-year-old bull more than forty yards on his shoulders. For *addition* = title, see on i. 2. 20 above.

252. *Dilated.* "Expansive" (Schmidt).

253. *Antiquary.* Ancient, or full of old lore; used by S. only here.

254. *He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.* For the ellipsis, cf. i. 3. 289 above.

258. *Shall I call you father?* "S. had a custom prevalent about his own time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*. Mr. Vaillant adds that Cotton dedicated his *Treatise on Fishing* to his *father Walton;* and that Ashmole, in his *Diary*, observes: 'Mr. William Backhouse, of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him father thenceforward'" (Steevens).

259. *Ay, my good son.* The folio gives this to "*Ulis.*," and Clarke thinks it should be so; but the question seems to have been suggested by the *father Nestor* in 255.

262. *State.* Council. See on i. 3. 191 above.

264. *Main.* Might, full force. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 15, etc.

266. *Cope.* Cf. i. 2. 33 above.

AENEAS

ACT III

SCENE I. — 3. *When he goes before.* Cf. Goldsmith, *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize:* —

> "The king himself has followed her —
> When she has walked before."

13. *Know your honour better.* "The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of grace" (Malone).

16. *Honour and lordship.* According to Steevens, *your honour* and *your lordship* were used interchangeably in the time of S. *Grace* was the title only of persons of the highest rank — kings, princes, dukes, etc.

23. *Who play they to?* Allowable in the Elizabethan grammar. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 75 : "To who?" *Oth.* iv. 2. 99 : "With who?" etc.

35. *Invisible.* Changed by Hanmer to "visible;" but it probably means, as Johnson suggests, "invisible everywhere else;" or

as Clarke well puts it, "the ethereal spirit of love as impersonated in her."

42. *Seethes.* A figure like that of "hot haste." The servant plays upon it in his reply, in which some see an allusion to the "sweating-tub" (cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 60, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 79, etc.).

51. *Broken music.* Chappell says: "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'" For the play upon the expression, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 149 and *Hen. V.* v. 2. 263. White makes *broken-music* = "music in parts."

52. *Cousin.* Used of almost any relationship; as nephew, niece, uncle, brother-in-law, grandchild, etc.

60. *In fits.* Apparently = when the humour takes you; with a play upon the musical sense of *fits* as applied to the divisions of a song or tune.

68. *Honey-sweet lord.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 1: "honey-sweet husband," etc. See also 147 below.

71. *Bob.* Cheat. Cf. *Oth.* v. 1. 16: "Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him," etc.

78. *In truth, la!* For the use of *la!* to emphasize a statement, cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 86, 266, 322, ii. 2. 108, *Cor.* i. 3. 73, 100, etc.

89. *You must not know where he sups.* The early eds. give this to Helen; corrected by Hanmer.

91. *Disposer.* Dyce is probably right in taking the word here to be = "disposed or inclined to pleasant talk — my merry, free-spoken damsel." Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 250. Clarke remarks: "This epithet serves to aid in depicting Cressida with the consistency of frivolous character by which the dramatist has marked her. Our here being let to perceive by a single significant word that she has been a light talker with Paris, a gay flutterer and chatterer with him who caused Helen's abduction, is perfectly in accordance with her

manner throughout the play, and especially at the time of her introduction to the assembled generals of the Grecian camp, in iv. 5."

113. *You may, you may.* That is, you may have your little joke. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 39, where it is used in the same way.

117. *Good now.* Explained by Hudson as = "well now;" but pretty certainly a vocative phrase, as in *W. T.* v. 1. 19, *Ham.* i. 1. 70, etc.

126. *The wound to kill.* The fatal wound.

139. *Vipers.* Cf. *Acts*, xxviii. 3 and *Matthew*, iii. 7.

142. *Gallantry.* The only instance of the word in S.

I would fain have armed to-day, etc. Verplanck remarks: "This trait of Paris, painted as a man of spirit and ability, yet wasting important hours in submission to the whims of his mistress, oddly resembles the anecdotes, of which the English memoirs are full, of the habits of Charles II.; and to this the coincidence of the name, Nell, adds effect. It affords a proof of the general truth of the portrait, that the grandson of the monarch who reigned when this play was written should have thus, half a century afterwards, re-enacted the sauntering indolence of Paris."

143. *How chance*, etc. How chances it, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 129, v. 1. 318, etc.

158. *Obey . . . to.* Cf. *Phœnix and Turtle*, 4: "To whose sound chaste wings obey;" Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 11. 34: "Lo now the heavens obey to me alone," etc. See also *Romans*, vi. 16.

163. *Palm.* Cf. ii. 3. 193 above.

SCENE II. — 9. *The Stygian banks.* For other allusions to the infernal river Styx, see v. 4. 19 below, *T. A.* i. 1. 88, and *Rich. III.* i. 4. 45.

10. *Waftage.* Ferriage, passage. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 95: "A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage." *Charon* is the "sour ferryman" of *Rich. III.* i. 4. 46.

13. *Pandarus.* The quarto has "Pandar." Pope omits *O.*

16. *Orchard.* Garden; the usual meaning in S. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 50, etc.

20. *Palate tastes.* The folio has "watry pallats taste;" corrected by Hanmer. *Watery* = watering, longing.

21. *Repured.* Purified; the reading of the quarto. The Cambridge ed. says: "Steevens's reprint has 'reputed'—an error which seems to have been the source of the statement that some copies of the quarto have that reading." The folios all have "reputed."

22. *Swooning.* The early eds. have "Sounding," as in some other passages. The Cambridge ed. reads "Swounding," a form which was also common.

23. *Subtle-potent.* The hyphen was inserted by Theobald. For *tun'd too* the folios have "and too."

27. *Battle.* Army; as often. *On heaps* = in heaps, or crowds; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 18: "Let us on heaps go offer up our lives," etc.

30. *Must be witty.* "Must have your wits about you" (Clarke).

31. *Frayed with.* Frightened by; the only instance of the verb in S.

33. *Villain.* For the use of the word as a term of endearment, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 136: "Sweet villain!"

36. *Thicker.* Quicker. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 24: "speaking thick," etc.

37. *Bestowing.* Functions.

38. *Vassalage.* Vassals, subjects; the abstract for the concrete.

43. *Watched.* Kept from sleeping; as hawks were in taming them. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 198, *Oth.* iii. 3. 23, etc.

46. *Fills.* Shafts. Cf. *fill-horse* in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 101. The word is still in familiar use in New England, but obsolete in Old England.

47. *Draw this curtain*, etc. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 251: "but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture;" where, as here, the reference is to unveiling the face.

49. *Rub on, and kiss the mistress.* "The allusion is to *bowling.* What we now call the *jack* [cf. *Cymb.* ii. 1. 2 : "kissed the jack," etc.] seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress.* A bowl that kisses the *jack* or *mistress* is in the most advantageous position. *Rub on* is a term at the same game" (Malone). Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 128.

50. *In fee-farm.* In perpetuity ; "a *fee-farm* being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent" (Malone).

52. *The falcon as the tercel.* The female hawk as good as the male ; that is, Cressida will be as good as Troilus. In what follows we have an allusion to hawking along river banks. In Jonson's *The Forest* one of the rural amusements mentioned is : "hawking at the river." Cf. also Chaucer, *Sir Thopas:* —

> "Couthe hunt at wild deer,
> And ride on hawkyng for ryver,
> With gray goshawk on honde."

For all the ducks i' the river. "Pandarus means that he 'll match his niece against her lover for any bet" (Theobald).

59. '*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably* —.' "Have set their hands and seals" would naturally follow. Cf. 190 below : "a bargain made ; seal it, seal it !" Malone cites *M. for M.* iv. 1. 5 : —

> "But my kisses bring again, bring again ;
> Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain ;"

V. and A. 511 : —

> "Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
> What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?"

and *K. John*, ii. 1. 20 : —

> "Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
> As seal to the indenture of my love."

He might have added *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 144 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 344. There is a play on the preceding *billing.*

67. *Abruption.* Breaking off; used by S. only here. *Curious* = causing care, embarrassing.

69. *Fears.* The reading of the 3d folio; the earlier eds. have "teares."

71. *Cherubins.* S. has *cherubin* regularly for the singular (except in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50, where we find *cherub*) and *cherubins* for the plural.

73. *Fear.* Steevens assumes that there is an allusion to *Fear* as a personage in the old moralities; but it is not necessary to suppose anything more than an ordinary personification.

77. *Pageant.* A theatrical exhibition; the regular sense in S. Cf. iii. 3. 273 below. See also on the verb in i. 3. 151 above. *Presented* = represented; as often.

81. *Imposition.* A task *imposed* or enjoined. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 114, iii. 4. 33, etc.

83. *Monstruosity.* The reading of both quarto and folio. It is used by S. only here; *monstrosity* not at all. *Undergo* = undertake; as in *W. T.* ii. 3. 164, iv. 4. 554, etc.

94. *Allow us as we prove.* Acknowledge us what we prove to be.

98. *Addition.* Title. See on i. 2. 20 above.

100. *A mock*, etc. "That is, only a *mock* for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy" (Malone).

115. *They'll stick*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 189: "Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick."

135. *Cunning.* The early eds. have "Comming;" corrected by Pope.

150. *A kind of self*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 133. 13.

152, 153. *I would be gone*, etc. The quarto reading and arrangement. The folio has

"Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speake I know not what."

155. *Show.* The quarto reading. The folio has "shew" (= showed).

156. *Roundly.* Frankly, plainly; the only sense in S. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 3. 11, *T. of S.* i. 2. 59, iv. 4. 108, v. 2. 21, etc.

158. *For to be wise and love*, etc. Tyrwhitt quotes Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* March: —

> "To be wise, and eke to love
> Is granted scarce to gods above."

Malone finds the sentiment in Publius Syrus: "Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur." Cf. Bacon, *Essay* x.: "It was well said that it is impossible to love and be wise;" and *Adv. of L.* ii.: "it is not granted to man to love and be wise." "But the real difficulty, the rock over which the editorial barques of Hanmer and others have hopelessly been shattered, is the unlucky *for* in line 149. 'Why *for*,' said Malone, finding the unfortunate *for* 'inconsequential.' No doubt Cressida's reasoning is a trifle irregular. Such arguments would not pass muster in Mill's *Logic;* but the editors might have remembered that, in the first place, the speaker is a woman; and, in the second place, being in love, she cannot, according to her own showing, 'be wise.' Really, it is perfectly easy to trace the line of thought. 'I angled,' she says, 'for your thoughts, but got nothing out of you, either because you are not in love, or because you are too wise;' and then the words *wise* and *love* remind her of the proverb, and she whimsically rounds off her sentence with, 'for you know, you can't both love *and* be wise.' It is an admirable *non sequitur*, a triumph of feminine reasoning power, and ten times as true to life as the logical proprieties suggested by the commentators" (Verity).

168. *Affronted.* Confronted. "I wish my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love" (Johnson). For *affronted*, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 31: "affront Ophelia," etc.

177. *Compare.* For the noun, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 5. 43, iii. 5. 238, etc.

179. *Plantage.* Vegetation; alluding to the old belief that plants grew with the increase of the moon. Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (which we know that S. had read), says: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants frutefull," etc.

180. *Turtle.* Turtle-dove; the only sense of the word in S.

181. *Adamant.* The lodestone; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 195: "You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant." Cf. *The Return from Parnassus*, ii. 1: "I am her needle, she my adamant."

The centre. That is, its place in the centre of the Ptolemaic system. See on i. 3. 85 above.

190. *Characterless.* Unrecorded; accented on the second syllable, as the verb *character* often is, and the noun in *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 81.

205. *Constant.* Changed by Hanmer to "inconstant," on account of the "false *one to another*" which precedes; but as Malone and Heath remark, S. may have had in mind "the event of the story." White (though he decides to retain *constant*) says that Malone's suggestion is "more than plausible," but that "S. writing a speech for a character would write as that character would think under the circumstances in which he was placed." But it is not necessary to suppose that he *purposely* made the statement correspond with the event; he may have done it inadvertently. Or it may be that Pandarus, though he says "false to one another," is thinking of the "true as Troilus" and "false as Cressida" that have ended and emphasized the preceding speeches, and shapes his imprecation accordingly. I am inclined personally to think this last the correct explanation.

210. *With a bed.* These words are not in the early eds., but were supplied by Hanmer. The context requires it, or something like it. *Because it shall not* = that it may not.

211. *Press it to death.* A punning allusion to the punishment of pressing to death, for which cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 76, *M. for M.* v. 1. 528, etc.

213. *Pandar.* The folios have "and Pander." For *gear*, see on i. 1. 6 above.

SCENE III. — 3. *Appear it.* Let it appear. It is not necessary to resort to the desperate expedient of making *appear* a transitive verb.

4. *Things to love.* If this be what S. wrote, the meaning of the passage must be, "Through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection or regard, I have abandoned Troy" (White). The quarto and the 1st folio both have "loue," though some have thought it might be "Ioue," and therefore, with Johnson, read "Jove," connecting "to Jove" with what follows. The 2d and 3d folios have *love*, which the 4th folio changes to "come." Steevens explained the passage thus: "No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen." It is an objection to Johnson's reading (though attempts have been made to explain it away) that Jove favoured the Trojans, and Calchas would hardly speak of *abandoning* them to a friend or patron. It may be added that some connect "to Jove" with *things*, making it mean "things pertaining to Jove;" but that seems a forced interpretation. A writer in the *Edin. Rev.* (July, 1869), who thus explains "things to Jove," also thinks that *sight* is not *foresight*, but "has the general sense of acquaintance, skill, technical knowledge, professional conversancy — a meaning by no means unusual in Shakespeare's day;" but S. does not use *sight* in that sense (though he has *well-seen* = well-skilled in *T. of S.* i. 2. 134), and I cannot see that to explain it so here would help us in the least. The sole difficulty is in the *to love* or *to Jove*.

8. *Sequestering from me.* Separating from me, putting aside. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 33: "a poor sequester'd stag" (that is, separated from the herd).

12. *Into.* Changed by some to "unto;" but cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 260: "And pray God's blessing into thy attempt." See also *T. N.* v. 1. 87, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 102, ii. 2. 173, *Ham.* ii. 2. 28, etc.

21. *In right great exchange.* That is, offering a distinguished Trojan prisoner in exchange.

23. *Wrest.* Literally, a tuning-key; therefore, figuratively, "that upon which the harmonious ordering of their affairs depends" (Clarke). Hanmer has "rest" (the conjecture of Theobald); but *slack* carries out the metaphor in *wrest*, and shows that the old reading is correct. Cf. the same figure in "o'er-wrested," i. 3. 157 above. See also *Macb.* i. 7. 60. Verity quotes a very curious letter: "whearin, part of the entertainment untoo the queenz Maiesty, at Killingwoorth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this Soomerz Progress, 1575, is signified," written by Robert Laneham, and quoted in part in the introductory essay to Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It gives a minute account of the equipment of an ancient minstrel, and among his accoutrements were: "About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His *wrest* tyed to a green lace and hanging by." So again in *A treatise between trouth and information*, printed among Skelton's *Works*, and referred to by Douce, we find: —

> "A harpe geveth sounde as it is sette,
> The harper may *wrest* it untunablye;
> A harper with his *wrest* may tune the harpe wrong,
> Mystunyng of an instrument shal hurt a true songe."

Equally to the point is his reference to King James's edict against combats: "this small instrument the tongue being kept in tune by the *wrest* of awe." In Minsheu's *Dictionary*, 1627, the verb *to wrest* is explained: "to winde, to wring, to straine," and translated by the Latin *torquere*, *contorquere*.

25. *Manage.* The noun occurs often in S. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 70, *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25, etc.

30. *In most accepted pain.* "Even in those labours which were most accepted" (Steevens), or most acceptable to you. Clarke makes it = "as trouble that I have undergone most willingly," and

compares what Diomed says in the next speech but one. This seems to be the meaning.

43. *Unplausive.* Unapproving, indifferent; used by S. only here.

Are bent on. The early eds. have "are bent? why turn'd on;" corrected by Pope.

44. *Medicinable.* See on i. 3. 91 above.

86. *Do.* The early eds. have "Doth" (corrected by Hanmer), which may have been a "confusion of construction."

96. *Writes me that man,* etc. Some editors make "That man," etc. (or "Man," etc.), a passage which Ulysses reads from the book; but I prefer, with others, to regard it as merely the substance of what he professes to have been reading.

How dearly ever parted. "However excellently endowed, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned" (Johnson). Mason notes that Jonson, in *Every Man Out of his Humour,* speaks of a man "well parted;" and Massinger, in his *Great Duke of Florence,* says of Lydia that he chooses to "deliver her better parted than she is," etc.

97. *Having.* Endowment. Cf. *L. C.* 235: "Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote," etc. *Or without or in* = either externally or internally, either in body or in mind.

99. *Owes.* Owns, possesses; as very often.

105, 106. *To others' . . . itself.* These lines are omitted in the folio.

That most pure spirit of sense. "Which is sense itself, the very emblem of perceptivity" (Schmidt). See on i. 1. 60 above. On the passage, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 52: —

> "No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
> But by reflection by some other things."

109. *Speculation.* The power of vision, including the idea of intelligence; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 95: "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes," etc.

110. *Mirror'd.* The early eds. have "married," which Dr. Ingleby defends. On the passage, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 496 fol.

114. *Circumstance.* "Detail or circumduction of his argument" (Johnson). Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 36, *C. of E.* v. 1. 16, etc.

116. *Though in and of him*, etc. However great his powers and possessions may be. Cf. 97 above.

120. *Who, like an arch*, etc. Rowe changes *who* to "which;" but the former is often used for the latter. Cf. 201 below.

123–128. *I was much wrapt . . . dear in use.* This is substantially the folio reading, and makes good sense. The quarto reads: —

> "I was much rap't in this,
> And apprehended here immediately,
> The unknoune Aiax, heavens what a man is there?
> A very horse, that has he knowes not what
> Nature what things there are.
> Most abject in regard, and deere in use."

Pope followed the folio down to *Ajax;* afterwards he read: —

> "Heavens what a man is there? A very horse,
> *He knows not his own nature:* what things are
> Most abject in regard, and dear in use."

Hanmer, who in his preface declared that his guiding principle had been never "to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism," printed the lines thus: —

> "I was much rapt
> In this *I read*, and apprehended here
> Immediately the unknown *Ajax:* heavens!
> What a man 's there? A very horse, that has
> He knows not what: *in nature* what things there are
> Most abject in regard, and dear in use."

125. *The unknown Ajax.* Johnson takes this to mean "Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use;" but it may simply refer to the fact that Ajax was *unknown* to the writer,

though so well described by him. Clarke makes *unknown* = "unknown to himself, wanting in true self-knowledge."

126. *A very horse.* A mere horse. Cf. ii. 1. 17 above, where Thersites makes him stupider than a horse.

128. *Abject in regard*, etc. Poor in estimation, but precious in utility, little valued but very useful.

131. *An act*, etc. Malone is clearly correct in making this line parenthetical. Capell makes *act* the object of *see;* and Rowe points the passage thus (perhaps equivalent to my pointing) : —

> "Now shall we see to-morrow,
> An act that very chance doth throw on him,
> Ajax renown'd!"

134. *How some men creep*, etc. "While some men remain tamely inactive in Fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, etc." (Malone). Johnson makes *creep* = "keep out of notice." Schmidt may be right in taking *creep in* to be = get secretly into.

135. *Play the idiots*, etc. Act like fools while enjoying her favour.

137. *Fasting*, etc. "Haughtily resting on his laurels" (Herford).

145. *Wallet.* Bag, or knapsack. The word is used again in *Temp.* iii. 3. 46: —

> "Who would believe that there were mountaineers
> Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
> Wallets of flesh?"

Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 8. 24: —

> "But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
> This bottle thus before you with such toile,
> And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
> That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?"
>
> "'Here in this bottle' (sayd the sorry Mayd)
> 'I put the tears of my contrition,
> Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
> And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
> I put repentaunce for things past and gon.'"

Collier says that this quotation is not in point, because it does not refer to the Time but to Mirabell; but it may none the less have suggested the description of Time here.

147. *Ingratitudes.* Repeated or habitual acts of ingratitude. For this use of the plural, not uncommon in S., cf. *behaviours* in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 9, ii. 3. 100, etc. *Great-siz'd* is used by S. only here and in v. 10. 26 below.

150. *Perseverance.* Accented on the second syllable, as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 93, the only other instance of the word in S. *Persever* is his only form for the verb.

152. *Mail.* Coat of mail, suit of armour.

158. *Forthright.* Straight path. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 3: "forthrights and meanders."

162. *Lie there.* That is, *you* lie there.

168. *Grasps in the comer.* Hanmer reads "Grasps the in-comer," which would be well enough if any change were needed.

175. *One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.* One natural trait is characteristic of all men. A writer in the London *Athenæum*, March 18, 1871, conjectures that *touch* should be *tache* (= defect or blemish), and cites sundry examples of that old word; but *touch* may mean either a good or a bad characteristic, and may therefore stand. The context makes all clear. White paraphrases it thus (*Galaxy*, Feb. 1877): "There is one point on which all men are alike, one touch of human nature which shows the kindred of all mankind — that they slight familiar merit and prefer trivial novelty." Of the common misapplication of the line he says: "It has come to be always quoted with the meaning implied in the following indication of emphasis: 'One touch of *nature* makes the *whole world* kin.' Shakespeare wrote no such sentimental twaddle. Least of all did he write it in this play, in which his pen 'pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' The line which has been thus perverted into an exposition of sentimental brotherhood among all mankind, is on

the contrary one of the most cynical utterances of an undisputable moral truth, disparaging to the nature of all mankind, that ever came from Shakespeare's pen. . . . The meaning is too manifest to need or indeed to admit a word of comment, and it is brought out by this emphasis: '*One* touch of nature makes the *whole world kin*' — that one touch of their common failing being an uneasy love of novelty. Was ever poet's or sage's meaning so perverted, so reversed! And yet it is hopeless to think of bringing about a change in the general use of this line and a cessation of its perversion to sentimental purposes, not to say an application of it as the scourge for which it was wrought; just as it is hopeless to think of changing by any demonstration of unfitness and unmeaningness a phrase in general use — the reason being that the mass of the users are utterly thoughtless and careless of the right or the wrong, the fitness or the unfitness, of the words that come from their mouths, except that they serve their purpose for the moment. That done, what care they? And what can we expect, when even the 'Globe' edition of Shakespeare's works has upon its very title-page and its cover a globe with a band around it, on which is written this line in its perverted sense, that sense being illustrated, enforced, and deepened into the general mind by the union of the band-ends by clasped hands. I absolve, of course, the Cambridge editors of the guilt of this twaddling misuse of Shakespeare's line; it was a mere publisher's contrivance; but I am somewhat surprised that they should have even allowed it such sanction as it has from its appearance on the same title-page with their names." Quotations from S. are often used to express a meaning, or shade of meaning, which is different from his; but it does not always imply a misunderstanding of the passage, and is not necessarily objectionable. In the present instance, however, the real meaning has generally been misunderstood, though the context makes it perfectly clear.

178. *Give.* The early eds. have "goe" or "go;" corrected by Theobald.

179. *Than gilt.* Than *to* what is *gilt*, or golden. The quarto

and the 1st and 2d folios have "then guilt;" the later folios "in gilt." Hanmer reads "than they will give to gold;" but cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 294: "our sceptre's gilt;" *Hen. V.* ii. chor. 26: "the gilt of France," etc. *O'er-dusted;* that is, if it happens to be covered with dust.

181. *Complete.* Accented on the first syllable because before a noun so accented; as in iv. 1. 27 below.

183. *Sooner catch.* The folio has "begin to catch," changed in the later folios to "gin to catch."

189. *Made emulous missions*, etc. Referring to the descent of the gods to fight on one or the other side. As Steevens notes, S. probably followed Chapman's *Iliad* here: "In the 5th book, Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle."

194. *One of Priam's daughters.* "Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris" (Steevens). Hudson, in copying this note, inadvertently puts it thus: "Polyxena, whom he afterwards married, and graced the wedding with the killing of Paris."

197. *Plutus' gold.* The folio has "*Plutoes* gold;" as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 102 it has "*Pluto's* Mine." The quarto reads "almost every thing."

198. *Uncomprehensive.* Incomprehensible, mysterious; used by S. only here. For *deeps* the quarto has "depth."

199. *Keeps place with thought.* Hanmer reads "Keeps pace." Clarke remarks: "S. not only uses *keeps place* in another passage [*M. W.* ii. 1. 63] where *keep pace* might be substituted, but he also employs the word *place* where *pace* could be supposed to accord better with the context [cf. i. 3. 189 above]. Here, though *keeps pace* would accord with the *swiftness* of thought, yet *keeps place* consists more fully with the general scope of the passage, which treats of the universal diving of provident vigilance into the penetralia and innermost places where thinking conception originates and dwells."

200. *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.* Malone conjectured "infant thoughts," which is the *meaning* of course — thoughts not yet sufficiently developed for expression in words. *Cradles* may be a trisyllable, as some make it. Cf. p. 181.

201. *Whom.* Changed by Pope to "which." Cf. 120 above. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "There is a secret administration of affairs which no *history* was ever able to discover."

204. *Expressure.* S. does not use *expression. Expressure* occurs again in *T. N.* ii. 3. 171: "the expressure of his eye;" and in *M. W.* v. 5. 71: "The expressure it bears."

205. *Commerce.* Accented on the second syllable, as in i. 3. 105 above. These are the only instances in which S. uses the word in verse.

210. *Our islands.* The quarto has "our iland," and the folio "her Iland."

211. *Greekish.* The adjective occurs ten times in this play; but elsewhere (and much oftener) S. has *Grecian.* We find *Greek* as an adjective in iv. 5. 130, as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 61 and *T. of S.* ii. 1. 101.

214. *Lover.* One who loves you. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 7, 17, etc.

224. *And like a dew-drop*, etc. Godwin (*Life of Chaucer*) remarks: "A more poetical passage, if poetry consists in sublime, picturesque, and beautiful imagery, neither ancient nor modern times have produced than the exhortation addressed by Patroclus to Achilles, to persuade him to shake off his passion for Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, and resume the terrors of his military greatness: —

> "'Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
> Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
> And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
> Be shook to air.'"

228. *Shrewdly gor'd.* Badly wounded. For *shrewdly*, cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 52, 163, etc.; and for *gor'd*, *Ham.* v. 2. 261: "To keep my name ungor'd."

231. *A blank of danger.* Unknown or indefinite danger; the metaphor being taken from a *blank* commission to which one sets his seal before knowing how the document is to be filled out. For this use of *blank*, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 250. Schmidt strangely takes *blank* to be the white mark in a target (cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 5).

238. *An appetite*, etc. This is from Caxton: "The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greeks, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before."

239. *Weeds.* Garments, dress; as often.

253. *That hath no arithmetic*, etc. Cf. the sneer at "a tapster's arithmetic" in i. 2. 119 above.

254. *Politic regard.* "A sly look" (Johnson).

265. *Opinion!* Self-conceit; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 185 and *L. L. L.* v. 1. 6. In i. 3. 353 above it is used in a good sense (= self-confidence).

273. *Pageant.* A theatrical representation. See on iii. 2. 77 above.

305. *Catlings.* Catgut strings. *Catling* is made the name of a musician in *R. and J.* iv. 5. 132. *On = of;* as often.

309. *The more capable creature.* That is, having better capabilities, or more intelligent. See on 126 above. For *capable*, cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 155, etc. The word is still used in New England in this sense. Within a few hours I have heard a man spoken of as "very smart and capable."

DIOMEDES

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 8. *Process of your speech.* The course of it, or what you said in it.

9. *A whole week by days.* That is, day after day for a week. Some take it to mean seven days, but not all in one week.

11. *During all question,* etc. During all intercourse permitted by the truce. For *question,* cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 39, etc.

14. *The one and other.* Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 86 : "Both one and other he denies," etc. The omission of the article with *one* or with *other,* or both, is not uncommon in S.

20. *Humane.* The early eds. make no distinction between *humane* and *human.* The accent is regularly on the first syllable.

22. *By Venus' hand.* Warburton saw here a hint of "his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand," and Clarke believes there is such an allusion ; but this is very improbable.

27. *Complete.* For the accent, see on iii. 3. 181 above.

33. *Hateful.* Full of hate, malignant; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 138: "the hateful commons," etc. Some print "noblest-hateful."

36. *His purpose meets you.* "I bring you his meaning and his orders" (Johnson).

40. *Constantly do think.* Am firmly persuaded.

44. *Wherefore.* The folio has "whereof." *Quality* = character, tenor.

48. *Disposition.* Situation, circumstances.

56. *Soilure.* Stain, defilement; used by S. only here.

57. *Charge.* Cost, expense; as 60 shows.

59. *Palating.* For the verb, cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 104 and *A. and C.* v. 2. 7.

62. *A flat tamed piece.* A cask that has been broached, and the contents of which have thus become flat to the taste. For *piece*, cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 10: "Strike a fresh piece of wine," etc.

75. *Chapmen.* Buyers. In *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 16 (the only other instance in S.) it means sellers.

78. *We 'll but commend what we intend to sell.* The early eds. have "not" for *but*, which is adopted by most of the editors. The Cambridge editors conjecture "without" for *what* of the old text. Johnson and Malone retain the original reading, and take the meaning to be: "though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear [that is, if we *have* to part with her], yet will not commend her." It has been objected to the reading in the text that it contradicts *in silence;* but it does not, for since they did *not* intend to sell Helen they had nothing to say in praise of her: We 'll commend *only* what we intend to sell, and so we keep silence. Cf. *Sonn.* 21. 14: "I will not praise that purpose not to sell."

Scene II. — 4. *Kill.* If this be what S. wrote, it is a bit of loving playfulness. "Seal," "lull," and "still" have been suggested as emendations.

5. *Attachment.* Arrest, stop; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. the verb *attach* (= arrest) in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 69, 75, 106, iv. 2. 43, iv. 4. 85, etc.

9. *Ribald.* "Base, rudely obstreperous, in contradistinction to the lark?" (Schmidt). Some make it = thievish, or roguish.

12. *Venomous.* Probably in a general sense = malignant, as opposed to lovers. Most editors follow Steevens in making *venomous wights* = "*venefici*, those who practise nocturnal sorcery;" but this seems forced and improbable.

13. *Tediously.* The folio has "hidiously."

34. *Capocchia.* "A fabricated feminine form of the Italian word *capocchio*, which means a dolt, a simpleton, a fool" (Clarke). The adjective *capocchio* (= dull, stupid) has the regular feminine *capocchia*. The noun *capocchia* means "the head of a stick, pin, nail, etc." The spelling of the early eds. is "chipochia."

59. *You'll be so true,* etc. In pretending that he is not here you 'll harm him rather than help him. Some print "'ware," but the word is not a contraction of *aware.*

64. *My matter is so rash.* My business demands such haste.

69. *We must give up,* etc. This part of the story is thus told by Caxton: "Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Troyans, had a passing fair daughter, and wise, named Briseyda — Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida — for which daughter he prayed to King Agamemnon, and to the other princes, that they would require the King Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to King Priamus at the instance of Calcas, but the Troyans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthy to die, that had left his own land and his natural lord for to go into the company of his mortal enemies: yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greeks, the King Priamus sent Briseyda to her father."

71. *State of Troy.* See on i. 3. 191 above.

75. *We met by chance.* That is, let it be so understood. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 3. 4: "I did not send you."

76. *The secrets of nature.* The folio reading; the quarto has "the secrets of neighbor Pandar." *Secrets* may be a trisyllable. Dyce cites passages from Marlowe, Middleton, Ben Jonson, and Kyd in which it is so used. See p. 181 above.

108. *Extremes.* The quarto has "extreames," the folio "extremitie."

Scene III. — 1. *Great morning.* Broad day (Fr. *grand jour* or *grand matin*). Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 62.

3. *Fast upon.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 179: "it follow'd hard upon," etc.

Scene IV. — 4. *Violenteth.* Rageth, is violent; the only instance of the verb in S. The folio reads "And no lesse in a sense," etc. Steevens quotes Fuller, *Worthies:* "His former adversaries violented any thing against him." Latimer has "Maister Pole violentes the text," etc.

10. *Such a precious loss.* The loss of what is so precious.

20. *Friendship.* That is, mere friendship as opposed to love; as *speaking* = mere words, as opposed to loving acts.

24. *Strain'd.* The folio has "strange." Cf. iv. 5. 169 below.

25. *Fancy.* Love; as often. Cf. the verb in v. 2. 166 below.

33. *Where.* Changed by Rowe to "while;" but *where* is often = in which, in which case, etc.

36. *Rejoindure.* Being *rejoined*, or united again; used by S. only here. The same is true of *embrasures* (= "embraces," which Pope substitutes) in the next line.

42. *Injurious.* Often used by S. in a stronger sense than the word now has.

45. *Distinct.* Accented on the first syllable, as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 61: "To offend and judge are distinct offices." See on *complete*, iii. 3. 181 above. The accent of *consign'd* is to be explained in the same way.

Consign'd kisses to them. Kisses allotted to them. Some make *consign'd* = *consigning*, that is, sealing, confirming.

48. *Distasted.* Made distasteful, embittered. See on ii. 2. 123 above. *Broken* = interrupted.

50. *The Genius.* The spirit that was supposed to direct the actions of man. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 56: —

> "and under him
> My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
> Mark Antony's was by Cæsar."

See also *A. and C.* ii. 3. 19, and *C. of E.* v. 1. 332.

51. *Cries 'come,'* etc. The editors naturally refer to Pope, *The Dying Christian to his Soul*: —

> "Hark! they whisper; angels say
> 'Sister spirit, *come away*.'"

Pope repeats the thought in *Eloisa to Abelard*: —

> "'Come, sister, come,' it said, or seemed to say,
> 'Thy place is here, sad sister, *come away*.'"

53. *Rain, to lay this wind,* etc. Malone quotes *R. of L.* 1788: —

> "This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
> Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
> At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er."

See also *Macb.* i. 7. 25.

56. *The merry Greeks.* See on i. 2. 114 above.

57. *When shall we see again?* The same question is found in *Cymb.* i. 1. 124. See also *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 2: "Since last we saw in France."

58. *Be thou but true of heart.* Knight remarks: "The parting of Troilus and Cressida was very beautifully told by Chaucer; but as Shakspere's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, we see little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought to have preserved her faith. Shakspere has made her consistent: —

'And o'er all this, I pray you, quod she tho,[1]
Mine owné heartés sothfast suffisance !
Sith I am thine all whole withouten mo,
That while that I am absent, no pleasánce
Of other do me from your rémembrance,
For I am e'er aghast ; for why ? men rede[2]
That love is thing aye full of busy drede.

'For in this world there liveth lady none,
If that ye were untrue, as God defend !
That so betrayéd were or woe begone
As I, that allé truth in you intend :
And doubtéless, if that I other ween'd,
I n'ere but dead, and ere ye cause yfind,
For Goddés love, so be me nought unkind.

'To this answéred Troilus, and said,
Now God, to whom there is no cause awry,
Me glad, as wis I never to Cressid,
Sith thilké day I saw her first with eye,
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die :
At short wordés, well ye may me believe,
I can no more ; it shall be found at preve.[3]

'Grand mercy, good heart mine ! iwis, (quod she,)
And, blissful Venus ! let me never sterve[4]
Ere I may stand of pleasance in degree
To quite him well that so well can deserve ;
And while that God my wit will me conserve
I shall so do, so true I have you found,
That aye honóur to me-ward shall rebound:

'For trusteth well that your estate royál,
Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness
Of you in war or tourney martiál,
Nor pomp, array, nobley,[5] or eke richess,
Ne maden me to rue on your distress,

[1] Then. [2] Say. [3] Proof. [4] Die. [5] Nobility.

But moral virtue, grounded upon truth ; —
That was the cause I first had on you ruth :

'Eke gentle heart, and manhood that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in despite
Every thing that sounéd into[1] bad,
As rudéness, and peoplish[2] appetite,
And that your reason bridled your delight ;
This made aboven every creáture
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure.'"

59. *Deem.* Surmise, thought; the only instance of the noun in S.

63. *Throw my glove to Death himself.* "I will challenge Death himself in defence of thy fidelity" (Johnson).

64. *Maculation.* Stain of inconstancy; used by S. only here, as *maculate* only in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 97.

65. *To fashion in*, etc. As an introduction to the promise that follows. Schmidt defines *fashion* as "to contrive to put in or insert."

70. *Wear this sleeve.* Hall, in his *Chronicle*, refers to the custom of wearing a lady's sleeve or glove as a favour: "One ware on his head-piece his lady's sleeve, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling." So Drayton, *Barons' Wars:* "A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore," etc. Malone remarks that the sleeve which Troilus here gives Cressida may be "an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of the young nobility at a tilt." She afterwards (v. 2. 66 below) gives it to Diomed.

75–78. *Hear why . . . exercise.* The quarto reads : —

"Here why I speake it loue,
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling ore with arts and exercise."

[1] Verged towards. [2] Vulgar.

The folio has : —

> " Heare why I speake it ; Loue :
> The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
> Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
> Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise : "

It would take too much space to give the readings of the leading editors, which fill a page in the Cambridge ed. Knight and Verplanck follow the folio closely (except in punctuation, and " Flowing " for " Flawing "), and the former explains lines 77, 78 thus : " their loving is well composed with the gift of nature, which gift (natural quality) is flowing, and swelling over, with arts and exercise." White reads : —

> " They 're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
> Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

The reading in the text is from Staunton, and is adopted by the Cambridge editors, who remark that " the word ' Flowing ' was in all probability a marginal correction for ' swelling,' which the printer of the folio by mistake added to the line."

76. *Full of quality.* " Highly accomplished " (Steevens). Cf. Chapman, *Iliad :* " he was well qualitied."

79. *Novelty . . . person.* The quarto has " novelty . . . portion." *Person* = personal appearance, comeliness.

86. *Lavolt.* The *lavolta*, a dance in which there was much lofty capering. Cf. *Hen. V*. iii. 5. 33.

88. *Pregnant.* Ready ; as often. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 78, iv. 6. 227, etc.

97. *Their changeful potency.* Their inconstant or uncertain power. The expression is perfectly in keeping with *the frailty of our powers* in the preceding line ; but changes have been made by the editors. *Presuming on* = presuming *too much* upon. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 116: " Presuming on an ague's privilege," etc.

103. *Whiles others fish*, etc. " While others, by their art, gain

high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain, simple approbation" (Johnson).

107. *Moral.* Meaning. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 79: "to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens."

111. *Port.* Gate. Cf. *Cor.* i. 7. 1, v. 6. 6, etc.

112. *Possess.* Inform; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 65: —

> "Is he yet possess'd
> How much ye would?" etc.

113. *Entreat her fair.* Treat her well. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 151: "entreat me fair," etc. See also *Genesis*, xii. 16, *Jeremiah*, xv. 11, etc.

122. *Zeal.* The early eds. have "seale" or "seal;" corrected by Theobald.

132. *I'll answer to my lust.* I'll do as I please; not, as some explain it, I'll answer you as I please. *Lust* = pleasure; as in *R. of L.* 1384: "Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust."

133. *On charge.* At your orders; "on compulsion," as Falstaff put it (1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 263).

136. *I'll tell thee.* Capell reads "I tell thee;" but cf. *K. John*, v. 6. 39, *Hen. V.* i. 1. 1, etc.

137. *Brave.* Bravado, bullying. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. i. 15: "I will not bear these braves of thine."

144. *Let us make ready straight.* The folio gives this speech to "*Dio.*;" corrected by Malone.

144–148. The last five lines of the scene are not in the quarto.

146. *Address.* Prepare, make ready. Cf. v. 10. 14 below.

SCENE V. — 1. *Appointment.* Equipment; as in *Ham.* iv. 6. 16: "a pirate of very warlike appointment," etc.

6. *Hale.* Haul, draw. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 62, *T. N.* iii. 2. 64, etc. *Trumpet* = trumpeter. See on i. 3. 256 above.

8. *Sphered bias cheek.* That is, rounded like a bowl on the *biassed* or weighted side. Mr. Verity notes the frequency of allu-

sions in the dramatists to bowls, a game at which churchwardens seem to have been peculiarly proficient. An exact parallel to the present line occurs in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, i.: "That nobleman Corib! faith his *cheek hath a most excellent bias;* it would fain *jump with my mistress.*" Steevens thinks that, in the present passage, "the idea is taken from the puffy *cheeks* of the winds as represented in old prints and maps." The *bias* of a bowl is the weight of lead inserted in one side of it, causing the bowl to twist in its course towards that side. If the bowl is held with the bias on the outer side, it will run with an outward curve; if on the inside, it will "twist in." Bowling-greens are still kept up and in constant use in villages in Warwickshire and other parts of England. I have often watched the play of a summer evening at Stratford and Warwick. See on iii. 2. 49 above; and cf. *T. of S.* iv. 5. 25, *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 5, *Ham.* ii. 1. 65, etc.

9. *Colic.* For the figure, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 29 fol. *Aquilon*, like *Boreas* (i. 3. 38 above), is a classical name for the north wind.

13. *Yond.* Yonder; but not a contraction of that word, as often printed. The folio misprints "yong."

14. *Ken.* Recognize in the distance. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 101: "As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs."

20. *Particular.* Ulysses plays upon *particular* (= personal, individual) and *general*, as Cade does in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 119.

26. *Argument.* The play upon the various senses of the word is obvious.

28. *Hardiment.* Hardihood, boldness. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 75 and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 101. The next line is omitted in the folio.

29. *Thus.* Here of course he kisses her; and to this he refers in 32 as *Menelaus' kiss.*

31. *Horns.* The old much-worn joke of the cuckold's horns. Cf. i. 1. 117 above.

37. *I 'll make my match to live.* I'll wager my life. Johnson explained it thus: "I will make such *bargains* as I may live by,

such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give."

46. *Your nail.* That is, your finger-nail as used in *filliping* him on the head.

57. *Motive.* "Part that contributes to motion" (Johnson). The word sometimes means instrument; as in *A. W.* iv. 4. 20, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 193, etc.

58. *Encounterers.* Those who meet the advances of another halfway.

59. *Coasting.* Sidelong, alluring. Some read "accosting" (the conjecture of Theobald). It is a close question between the two. The antecedent of *it* is implied in *encounterers*, and = amorous advances. Cf. the use of *encounter* in *M. W.* iii. 5. 74, etc.

60. *Tables.* Tablets, note-book. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 107, etc.

61. *Ticklish.* Prurient. The folio has "tickling."

62. *Sluttish spoils of opportunity.* "Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey" (Johnson).

65. *You state.* The quarto has "the state." Cf. i. 3. 191 and ii. 3. 262 above.

Steevens remarks that *what shall be done*, etc., is Scriptural phraseology, and quotes 1 *Samuel*, xvii. 26.

68. *To the edge of all extremity.* To the uttermost, *à outrance.*

73. *Securely.* Carelessly, confidently. Cf. *secure* in ii. 2. 15 above. The early eds. give the speech to "*Aga.;*" but the reply shows that it belongs to Æneas.

79. *Valour and pride*, etc. "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than others' pride, and valour more than others' valour" (Johnson).

83. *This Ajax*, etc. Ajax and Hector were cousins. Cf. 120 below.

87. *Maiden battle.* Bloodless contest, like that of novices; not "a gory emulation" (123).

90. *Consent.* Agree; as often.

92. *A breath.* An exercise. Cf. ii. 3. 113 above.

98. *Speaking in deeds*, etc. Letting his deeds speak for him, not boasting of them himself.

103. *Impair.* Unsuitable, unworthy. The folios have "impaire" or "impair," and the quarto "impare." Capell reads "impar," and Dyce adopts Johnson's conjecture of "impure," a word which seems not at all in place here. *Impair* probably represents the Latin *impar*. Steevens cites Chapman, *Shield of Homer*, preface: "Nor is it more impaire to an honest and absolute man," etc.; where, however, it seems to be a noun. Johnson paraphrases *an impair thought* by "a thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character." Some would derive *impair* from the Latin *imparatus*, unprepared, unready; and others would connect it with the verb and noun *impair*, and make it = impairing, injurious, or detractive. The Cambridge editors remark: "Although we have not been able to find any other instance of *impair* as an adjective, we have retained it; for . . . etymologically *impair* may have the sense of unsuitable, unequal to the theme. . . . *Impure*, though plausible, is not entirely satisfactory, as it is Troilus's ripeness of judgment and not his modesty which is the subject of praise."

105. *Subscribes To tender objects.* Yields to occasions of tenderness. For *subscribes*, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 81: "Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe," etc.

107. *Vindicative.* Vindictive; used by S. only here. *Vindictive* he does not use at all.

109. *As fairly built as Hector.* Ellipses after *as* are common.

111. *Even to his inches.* That is, minutely, even to the smallest details of his character. Cf. ii. 1. 51 above. *With private soul* = confidentially.

112. *Translate.* Interpret; as in *Ham.* iv. 1. 2, etc.

120. *Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son*, etc. This incident is thus related by Caxton: "As they were fighting, they

spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt: and then Hector, for courtesy, embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired any thing of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side: but the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but to his best advantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, that he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Troyans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

128. *Sinister.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S.

129. *Multipotent.* Almighty; used by S. only here.

131. *Impressure.* Impression. S. generally uses *impression*, but *impressure* occurs in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 23 and *T. N.* ii. 5. 103. Cf. *expressure* in iii. 3. 204 above.

134. *My sacred aunt.* Steevens believes that this use of *sacred* was suggested by the Grecism (for which he cites Vaillant) of giving the uncle the title of *θεῖος* (godlike, divine). The word is very often used by S. as an epithet of royalty.

139. *Free.* Generous, noble. Cf. i. 3. 235 above.

141. *Addition.* Title. See on i. 2. 20 above.

142. *Mirable.* Admirable (Latin *mirabilis*); used by S. only here, and perhaps of his own coining.

As Malone remarks, the reference here seems to be to Achilles, and not to his son *Neoptolemus*, who had not yet distinguished himself. Johnson suggests that, as S. knew the son to be called Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, he "considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus." Pyrrhus cannot be meant, for, as Steevens notes, he has been mentioned in iii. 3. 209 above as "now at home;" but the

mistake here is probably the poet's, and not the printer's. Various emendations have been adopted.

143. *Oyes.* Hear ye (Fr. *oyez*); the crier's call at the opening of a court. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 45: "Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes."

148. *Embracement.* Used by S. oftener than *embrace.*

150. *Seld.* Seldom. Cf. *P. P.* 175: "seld or never found;" and "seld-shown" in *Cor.* ii. 1. 229.

159. *Great Agamemnon comes,* etc. Before this speech the folio has "*Enter Agamemnon and the rest;*" but they are already on the stage. As White suggests, the front of the stage was probably occupied by the lists, and during the combat "Agamemnon and the rest" remained in the inner or second apartment of the stage, which was sometimes shut off by a curtain. At this point they "come forward," as Rowe's stage-direction requires. Capell has "*Chiefs enter the lists.*"

165–170. *But . . . integrity.* These lines are not in the quarto.

169. *Bias-drawing.* Turning awry, like the bowl with its *bias* or weight on one side. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 267: "Nature to her bias drew in that;" *K. John,* ii. 1. 577: "this vile-drawing bias," etc. See also on 8 above.

171. *From heart of very heart.* From my inmost heart. Steevens quotes *Ham.* iii. 2. 78: "In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart."

172. *Imperious.* Often = *imperial.* Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 236, *A. and C.* iv. 15. 23, etc.

176. *Who.* The reading of the quarto and 1st folio, changed in the 2d folio to "Whom." See on iii. 1. 23 above.

177. *Mars his gauntlet.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 1: "Mars his true moving," etc. See also ii. 1. 56 above, and 255 and v. 2. 165 below.

178. *Untraded.* Unhackneyed; used by S. only here.

184. *Labouring for destiny.* "The vicegerent of Fate" (Malone).

187. *Subduements.* Conquests; used by S. nowhere else. For *Despising many* the folio has "And seene thee scorning."

188. *Hung thy advanced sword.* Checked thy uplifted sword. For the use of *hung*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 213: —

> "And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
> That was uprear'd to execution."

and for *advanced*, see *Cor.* i. 6. 61, ii. 1. 178, etc.

189. *Decline on the declin'd.* Descend on the fallen. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 500: —

> "for, lo! his sword,
> Which was declining on the milky head
> Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick."

196. *Thy grandsire.* Laomedon, the father of Priam.

206. *As they*, etc. The line is not in the quarto.

213. *Favour.* Face. See on i. 2. 96 above.

220. *Buss.* Kiss. In *K. John*, iii. 4. 35, Pope changed the word to "kiss," but *buss* was not vulgar in the time of S. On the figure here, cf. *R. of L.* 1370: "Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy."

224. *The end crowns all.* "Finis coronat opus." Cf. *A. W.* iv. 4. 35.

230. *Thou!* Changed by the editors to "now," "there," and "then;" but this use of the pronoun is not rare in S.; and, as Clarke remarks, here it has characteristic effect: "it includes a dash of insolence, a dash of off-hand freedom, and a dash of half compliment, as though he had said, 'I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, even thou!'" Cf. v. 1. 26, 34 below.

232. *Exact.* Accented on the first syllable, as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 46. For the reason, see on *complete*, iii. 3. 181 above.

233. *Quoted.* Noted, marked. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 112 and *R. and J.* i. 4. 31.

242. *Tell me, you heavens*, etc. Knight remarks: "It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspere to borrow the Homeric incident of

Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him, not using it in the actual scene of the conflict, but more characteristically in the place which he has given it. The passage of Homer is thus rendered by Chapman :

' His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him ; and this was, where th' unequal winding bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where there lay
The speeding way to death : and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought, — even through those arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him.' "

250. *Prenominate.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 43 : "the prenominate crimes." *Nice* = precise, critical.

255. *Stithied.* Forged ; the only instance of the verb in S. The noun *stithy* (quarto) or *stith* (folio) occurs in *Ham.* iii. 2. 89.

260. *Chafe thee.* Let yourself become *chafed*, or angry. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 123 : "What, are you chaf'd ?"

264. *Stomach.* Inclination, appetite ; with perhaps a reference to the other sense of courage. Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he is afraid of fighting with Hector.

265. *To be odd with him.* That is, to be at odds with him, contend with him.

267. *Pelting.* Paltry, petty. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 91, *Lear*, ii. 3. 18, etc.

272. *Convive we.* Let us feast ; the only instance of *convive* in S. *Convivial* he does not use at all. *In the full* = all together; not "*to* the full."

274. *Severally entreat him.* Separately invite or entertain him.

275. *Tabourines.* Drums. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 8. 37 : "our rattling tabourines." For *Beat loud the tabourines* the quarto has "To taste your bounties."

278. *Keep.* Dwell, reside. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 8, etc.

A PHRYGIAN (FROM ANTIQUE BRONZE)

ACT V

SCENE I. — 4. *Core.* Ulcer. Cf. ii. 1. 6 above.

5. *Crusty batch.* A crusty loaf, and equivalent to *cobloaf* in ii. 1. 39 above.

8. *Fragment.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 226 : "Go, get you home, you fragments!" Here there may be a reference to the deformed figure of Thersites, who, like Richard, was "unfinish'd . . . half made up."

10. *Tent.* In the reply there is a play upon the sense of a surgeon's probe. Cf. ii. 2. 16 above.

13. *Adversity.* Steevens suggests that this is = contrariety, or being *adverse.*

16, 17. *Varlet.* Apparently sometimes = harlot. Farmer quotes Dekker, *Honest Whore :* "'t is a male varlet sure, my lord!" where the person spoken of is a harlot who is introduced in boy's clothes. In both lines the quarto and the first three folios have "varlot," which the 4th folio changes to *varlet.* Theobald has "harlot," which is adopted by many editors ; but *harlot* would not seem to require the explanation which Patroclus asks, as the less

familiar *varlet* might. Schmidt believes that *varlot* is "a kind of hermaphroditical form between *varlet* and *harlot*."

21–24. *Raw eyes . . . tetter.* The folio omits this much of the catalogue, substituting "and the like."

22. *Imposthume.* Collection of purulent matter. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 27 and *V. and A.* 743.

Limekilns i' the palm. The reference is to the *gout*, "one phase of which is to have hard white lumps in the joints and knuckles of the fingers and hands that are commonly known as *chalk-stones*."

23. *Rivelled.* Wrinkled; used by S. only here.

25. *Discoveries.* As Schmidt notes, "there may be a play on the sense of uncovering." Lettsom quotes *Isaiah*, lvii. 8. "Debaucheries," "discoverers," and "discolourers" have been proposed.

30. *Indistinguishable.* Apparently referring to his deformity.

31. *Exasperate.* For the form, cf. *suffocate* in i. 3. 125 above. *Idle* = useless, good-for-nothing; as often.

32. *Sleave-silk.* Raw silk. Cf. *sleave* in *Macb.* ii. 2. 37.

35. *Waterflies.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 84: "Dost know this waterfly?" *Diminutives* = dwarfs, or insignificant things. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 12. 37.

37. *Finch-egg!* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 78: "thou pigeon-egg of discretion!" and *Macb.* iv. 2. 83: "What, you egg!"

42. *Gaging.* Engaging, binding. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 173.

53. *Quails.* A cant term for loose women. Clarke thinks the reference may be only to the practice of matching quails against one another, like cocks nowadays. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 3. 37.

54. *Transformation of Jupiter.* Alluding to the story of Europa. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 4: "Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns." Hudson remarks that "the passage looks as if S. supposed that the ancient ascription of horns to a dishonoured husband grew from the exploit of Jupiter;" and adds that "Europa was a maiden" at the time. I see no reason

for assuming that S. had any such notion. *The transformation of Jupiter* is merely a jocose periphrasis for the *bull*, and the bull is the *memorial of cuckolds* simply because he has *horns*. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 264, v. 4. 44, etc.

56. *Oblique.* Perhaps = indirect, as Steevens explains it. This is at least not so bad as Malone's conjecture that it refers to "the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*." *Shoeing-horn* = a subservient tool; with the old joke on *horn*.

59. *Forced.* "Farced" (Pope's reading), or stuffed. See on ii. 3. 224 above.

62. *Fitchew.* Polecat. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 150; the only other instance of the word in S. The quarto has here "a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke."

63. *Puttock.* A kite, or an inferior kind of hawk. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 140.

A herring without a roe. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 39: "Without his roe, like a dried herring." The expression was proverbial.

67. *Lazar.* Leper. Cf. ii. 3. 34 above.

Hey-day. "Hoy-day" in the folio, as in some other passages.

68. *Spirits and fires!* "This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights" (Johnson).

77. *Draught.* Privy. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 105; and see also 2 *Kings*, x. 27.

84. *Tide.* The fit time. It is probably a metaphor, not an instance of *tide* = time, as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 86, etc.

92. *Spend his mouth.* Bark; as in *V. and A.* 695: "Then do they spend their mouths;" and *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 70: —

> "coward dogs
> Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
> Runs far before them;"

which well illustrates the present passage. "If a hound *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babbler* or *brabbler*. The proverb says, 'Brabbling curs never want sore ears'" (*Variorum* of 1821).

94. *Prodigious.* That is, something so rare as to be esteemed a *prodigy;* the only meaning of the word in S.

96. *Leave to see.* Give up seeing. Cf. iii. 3. 133 above.

99. *Varlets.* Here the quarto has "varlots." See on 16 above.

Scene II. — 11. *Cliff.* Clef, or key. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 1. 77 : "one clef, two notes," etc.

18. *Sweet honey Greek.* Cf. *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 179 : "my good sweet honey lord," etc.

41. *Flow to.* Are hastening to, fast inclining to.

48. *Palter.* Shuffle, equivocate. See on ii. 3. 235 above.

55. *Luxury.* Lust ; the only meaning in S.

56. *Potato-finger.* The sweet potato, according to the old writers, was provocative of lust. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 21 (where it has the same meaning), the only other reference to potatoes in S.

66. *Sleeve.* See on iv. 4. 70 above.

81. *Nay, do not snatch it from me.* The early eds. give this to "*Dio.;*" corrected by Theobald. He conjectured, however, that *As I kiss thee* should be Diomed's, with the stage-direction, "*Diomede, kissing her, offers to snatch the sleeve.*"

91. *Diana's waiting-women.* "The stars, which she points to" (Warburton). Cf. *R. of L.* 785 : —

> "Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
> The silver-shining queen he would disdain ;
> Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
> Through Night's black bosom should not peep again."

Steevens quotes Milton, *Elegy*, i. 77 : —

> "caelo scintillant astra sereno
> Endymioneae turba ministra deae."

102. *Likes not you.* Does not please you. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 276 : "this likes me well," etc.

108. *Ah, poor our sex!* Like *good my lord*, etc. Mr. Verity remarks : "This, it will be noticed, is the last speech that Cressida

makes; henceforth she passes out of the play, and, but for a scornful reference, is forgotten. This did not suit Dryden's taste; a guilty heroine unpunished in the fifth act was an anomaly in Restoration tragedy, and accordingly the *dénouement* in his version is contrived on more orthodox lines. Troilus overcomes Diomede, and is on the point of killing him, when Cressida enters and interposes. She pleads for Diomede's life, protests innocence, is reproached and repelled by Troilus, and then to clear herself of guilt produces the inevitable dagger: —

> 'Enough, my lord; you've said enough.
> The faithless, perjured, hated Cressida
> Shall be no more the subject of your curses.
> Some few hours hence, and grief had done your work;
> But then your eyes had missed the satisfaction
> Which thus I give you — thus — [*She stabs herself.*'

A slight dialogue follows; the heroine blesses her lover 'with her latest breath,' and dies; and afterwards 'the dragnet of death,' to employ a phrase of Mr. Swinburne's, gathers in its meshes most of the remaining characters. Dramatically, such a catastrophe is effective enough; a heroine dying, after the manner of Otway's Monimia, with innocence and love on her lips, can never fail of pathos; but, after all, it is but a stage-artifice, and inappropriate here, because nothing could win our sympathies for Cressida. Scott rightly censures Dryden's perversion of Shakespeare's design (*Dryden's Works*, Vol. VI. p. 228)."

113. *A proof of strength*, etc. "She could not publish a stronger proof" (Johnson).

116. *Make a recordation to my soul.* Fix in my memory. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 61: "For recordation to my noble husband."

120. *Sith.* See on i. 3. 13 above. *Credence* = confidence; as in *A. W.* i. 2. 11, iii. 3. 2, the only other instances of the word in S.

121. *Esperance.* Hope. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 1. 4. It was the motto of the Percies. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 74, etc.

122. *The attest.* The folio has "that test."

123. *Deceptious.* Deceiving, delusive ; used by S. only here.

125. *I cannot conjure.* "That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida" (Johnson).

131. *Critics.* Carpers ; the only sense in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 178 and *Sonn.* 112. 10.

132. *Depravation.* Detraction ; the only instance of the noun in S. For *deprave* = detract, see *Much Ado*, v. 1. 95.

Square. Measure by, adjust to. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 487, *A. W.* ii. 1. 153, *W. T.* v. 1. 52, etc. See also on *unsquared*, i. 3. 159 above.

142. *If there be rule in unity itself.* "If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if there be a *rule* that *one is one*" (Johnson) ; that is, if it be a rule that one is not two, that Cressida is not two wholly different persons.

143. *Discourse.* Reasoning. Cf. ii. 2. 116 and ii. 3. 175 above.

144. *That cause sets up*, etc. "In which a man reasons for and against himself upon authority which he knows not to be valid" (Johnson).

145. *Bifold.* The quarto has "By-fould," and the folio "By foule," which some editors prefer.

Where reason can revolt, etc. Where reason can rebel without loss of reason, and lost reason can assume to be reasonable without rebellion against itself. For *perdition* = loss, cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 103, etc.

148. *There doth conduce a fight.* A battle is joined, the opposing forces are *brought together*. *Conduce* seems to be used in its etymological sense ; but there may be some corruption.

149. *Inseparate.* Inseparable, indivisible ; not found elsewhere in S.

150. *More wider.* See on ii. 2. 11 above, and cf. v. 6. 20 below.

152. *Orifex.* "Orifice," which is the reading of the later folios.

151. *Ariachne's.* The folio has "Ariachnes," the quarto "Ariachna's" ("Ariathna's" in Steevens's copy in the British Museum). The allusion is to *Arachne*, and some editors "correct" the word

accordingly, to the injury of the metre. Others assume that S. confounded Arachne and Ariadne, and the web of the former with the clue of the latter. Steevens shows that other writers confused the two. As Dr. Ingleby (*Sh. Hermeneutics*, p. 65) remarks : "The point is of no moment. What is of moment for us to see is that by *Ariachne* S. meant the spider into which Arachne was transformed, and which in Greek bears the same name ; and that the *woof* he meant was finer than was ever produced by human hand, namely, the woof of the spider's web — those delicate transverse filaments which cross the main radial threads or *warps*, and which are perhaps the nearest material approach to mathematical lines. Thus has S. in one beautiful allusion wrapt up in two or three little words the whole story of Arachne's metamorphosis, the physical fact of the fineness of the woof-filaments of a spider's web, and an antithesis, effective in the highest degree, to the vastness of the yawning space between earth and heaven. For what orifice could be imagined more exquisitely minute than the needle's eye which would not admit the spider's web to thread it ! "

154. *Instance.* Proof. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 42, etc.

158. *Five-finger-tied.* "Tied by giving her hand to Diomed" (Johnson).

159. *The fractions of her faith.* The remnants of her broken faith.

161. *O'er-eaten.* "Eaten and begnawn on all sides" (Schmidt). Malone thinks it is = which she has thrown up, like one who has overeaten ; and he compares 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 87 fol.

162. *May worthy Troilus*, etc. "Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters ? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses" (Johnson). For *attached with* = affected by, cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 5 : "attach'd with weariness," etc.

165. *Mars his heart.* See on ii. 1. 56 above.

166. *Fancy.* Love. Cf. the noun in iv. 4. 25 above.

173. *Hurricano.* Water-spout. See *Lear*, iii. 2. 2, the only other instance of the word in S.

174. *Sun.* The folio has "Fenne," and Rowe "finger." *Constring'd* (= contracted) is used by S. only here.

176. *His.* Its; as often. Cf. i. 3. 210, 354, ii. 2. 54, etc., above.

178. *He'll tickle it*, etc. The meaning may be, he'll tickle *him* (Diomed) for his concupiscence: *tickle* being used ironically, as in *T. N.* v. 1. 198 and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 189; while *it* is used contemptuously for *him* (the following *his* being = *its*), as it is playfully for *her* in iv. 2. 35 above. Schmidt takes *tickle it* to be used like *lord it*, *foot it*, etc. We find it so used in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, ii. 3. 27: "I'll tickle 't out Of the jades' tails to-morrow!" *Concupy* is used by S. only here; *concupiscence* not at all. *Concupiscible* (= lustful) occurs in *M. for M.* v. 1. 98.

188. *Wear a castle on thy head.* That is, defend it with more than common armour (Steevens). It is said that a certain kind of helmet was called a *castle*, but here the word is plainly a metaphor.

194. *The parrot*, etc. A proverbial expression. Verity quotes Skelton, *Speke, Parrot*, stanza 1: —

> "And sen me to greate ladyes of estate;
> Then *Parrot* must have an *almon* or a date."

So later in same poem: —

> "An *Almon* now for *Parrot* delycatly drest."

Scene III. — 4. *Train.* Draw, tempt; as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45, *K. John*, iii. 4. 175, etc.

6. *My dreams*, etc. Knight remarks: "Chaucer has mentioned the presaging dreams of Andromache in the *Canterbury Tales*. We find the same relation in *The Destruction of Troy*: —

"'Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slain. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore.

When it was in the morning, Andromeda went to the King Priamus and to the queen, and told to them the verity of her vision; and prayed them with all her heart that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go the battle, etc. It happened that day was fair and clear, and the Troyans armed them, and Troylus issued first into the battle; after him Æneas. . . . And the King Priamus sent to Hector that he should keep him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that his commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. . . . At this instant came the Queen Hecuba, and the Queen Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and they humbled themselves and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed and desired him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and unarm him, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace thus armed as he was, and took his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the King Priamus came running anon, and took him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise he would be made to unarm him.'"

9. *Dear.* Earnest. Cf. iv. 4. 37 above. *Consort* = join; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 387, *R. and J.* iii. 1. 48, etc.

16. *Peevish.* Foolish; as often.

20. *To hurt by being just.* To do injury by being true to your word. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 272: —

> "where doing tends to ill
> The truth is then most done, not doing it."

In the folio (lines 20–22 are not in the quarto) the passage reads thus: —

> "*And* O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
> To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:

For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie."

This is obviously corrupt, and many have been the attempts at emendation. Tyrwhitt suggested: —

"it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts," etc.;

and this reading is adopted by the Cambridge editors and others. It assumes that *count* was accidentally repeated and that "as" is a misprint for *use* — both easy errors. The expression *use thefts* has been objected to, but Dyce cites Middleton, *Women beware Women:* "Is it enough to use adulterous thefts," etc. Hudson criticises the measure of the line, but *violent* is often a dissyllable in S. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 112: "That ride upon the violent speed of fire;" *Macb.* iv. 2. 21: "But float upon a wild and violent sea," etc. *For* is of course = because. It is a rather close question between this reading and the one in the text, which is due to Verplanck.[1] The latter, however, has the merit of making no verbal change except of *as* to *so*, and no other change but the transposition of *count*, which is evidently out of place in the original. The meaning, as Verplanck states it, is: "Do not count it holy to inflict injury in the pursuit of right; we might as well so count (that is *count holy*) violent thefts, committed to enable us to give liberally." For *we would* we might print "we'd," but the former, like many similar combinations, not unfrequently occurs where it is metrically equivalent to the other. Other readings are: "For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts;" "For we would give much, to count violent thefts;" "(For we would give much) to commit violent thefts;" "For we would give as much to violent thefts;"

[1] The note in Verplanck is liable to be misunderstood owing to the fact that the quotation from Knight is not marked as a quotation. As it stands, Verplanck appears to give and defend two different readings, but a comparison with Knight will show that one of these belongs to that editor.

and "For we 'd give much, to count as virtues thefts," which is both awkward and harsh.

26. *Keeps the weather of.* "Keeps the weather-gage of;" a nautical phrase = have the advantage of.

27. *Brave man.* The early eds. have "deere" or "dear," which is explained by Johnson and Schmidt as = valuable, worthy, or estimable; and by others as = zealous, earnest. *Brave* is the emendation of Pope; perhaps not absolutely necessary.

38. *A lion.* "The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity" (Johnson). Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 118.

40. *Grecian falls.* The majority of the editors follow Rowe in reading "Grecians fall;" but the old text may be what S. wrote, the antecedent of *them* being implied in *many times*. *Captive* must here be = conquered; as in *R. of L.* 730, *Sonn.* 66. 12, etc. Cf. the noun in *R. of L.* 75, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 76, etc.

41. *The fan and wind*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 495: "But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword," etc. Verity quotes Marlowe, *Dido*, ii. 1:—

> "Which he disdaining, whisk'd his sword about,
> And with the wind thereof the King fell down."

48. *Ruthful.* Piteous; as elsewhere in S. Cf. *Rich III.* iv. 3. 5: "ruthful butchery," etc.

55. *Eyes o'ergalled.* That is, inflamed with weeping. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 53: "galled eyes of weeping souls;" and *Ham.* i. 2. 155: "her galled eyes." *Recourse of tears* = tears that *course* (follow) one another down the face.

73. *Shame respect.* "Disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands" (Steevens).

84. *Shrills.* The only instance of the verb in S. Cf. Spenser, *Epithalamium*:—

> "Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
> Their merry Musick;"

and *F. Q.* vi. 8. 46 : "Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill." Steevens quotes Heywood, *Silver Age :* "I have shrill'd thy daughter's loss," etc.

85. *Distraction.* The quarto has "destruction." See on v. 2. 41 above.

86. *Antics.* Buffoons. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 32 : "three such antics," etc.

91. *Exclaim.* For the noun (elsewhere only in the plural), cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 2, *Rich. III.* i. 2. 52, iv. 4. 135, etc.

101. *Tisick.* Phthisic; used by S. only here, and as a name in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 92 : "Master Tisick."

104. *Rheum.* Watering. It is often = tears; as in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 85, *K. John*, iii. 1. 22, iv. 1. 33, iv. 3. 108, etc.

106. *Cursed.* That is, under the influence of a curse or malediction (Steevens).

111. *Words and errors.* "Misleading words" (Herford).

112. *But edifies*, etc. After this line the folio has the following : —

> "*Pand.* Why, but heare you ?
> *Troy.* Hence brother lackie ; ignomie and shame
> Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name."

These lines are not in the quarto, and as they occur with a slight variation in v. 10. 32–34 below, I follow the majority of the editors in omitting them here. It might be better, however, as Walker suggests, to omit them there, and insert them here.

Scene IV. — 1. *Clapper-clawing.* Used again in *M. W.* ii. 3. 67. It occurs also in the old preface to the present play. See p. 9 above.

8. *Luxurious.* Lustful; the only sense in S. Cf. the noun in v. 2. 55 above. *Sleeveless* (the only instance of the word in S.) = bootless; but it is not clear how the word got that meaning. Nash, in *Lenten Stuff*, has "a sleeveless answer."

10. *Swearing.* Changed by Theobald to "sneering;" but, as

Clarke remarks, *crafty swearing* may be = "craftily swearing, pledging themselves to any thing for their own crafty purposes."

16. *Proclaim barbarism.* "To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer" (Johnson).

20. *Retire.* For the noun, cf. v. 3. 53 above.

27. *Of blood and honour.* According to the rules of chivalry, a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or, if challenged, might refuse the combat (Reed).

31. *God-a-mercy.* The expression was sometimes = God have mercy (as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 154, 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 58, etc.) ; but sometimes, as here, used like *Gramercy* (= great thanks), for which see *T. of S.* i. 1. 41, 168, etc.

SCENE V. — 1. *Go, go, my servant,* etc. This circumstance is also copied from Caxton : "And of the party of the Troyans came the King Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face : and he and Troylus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troylus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

7. *Margarelon.* Pronounced *Mar-gar'-e-lon* (properly *Mar-gar'-i-ton*). This bastard son of Priam is mentioned by both Lydgate and Caxton.

9. *Colossus-wise.* "Like a Colossus" (*J. C.* i. 2. 136). *His beam* = his mighty lance. Cf. 1 *Samuel,* xvii. 7.

10. *Pashed.* Stricken down, crushed. Cf. ii. 3. 205 above.

14. *Sagittary.* A monster described by Caxton as "a mervayllouse beste that was called sagittayre, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man : this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe : this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe

many of them with his bowe" (quoted by Theobald). Lydgate also describes the Sagittary thus (as quoted by Knight) : —

> "And with him Guido saith that he had
> A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,
> Of form and shape in manner monstrous:
> For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,
> Fro the navel upward he was man,
> And lower down like a horse yshaped:
> And thilke part that after man was marked
> Of skin was black and rough as any bear,
> Cover'd with hair fro cold him for to wear.
> Passing foul and horrible of sight,
> Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright
> As is a furnace with his red leven,
> Or the lightning that falleth from the heaven;
> Dreadful of look, and red as fire of cheer,
> And, as I read, he was a good archer;
> And with his bow both at even and morrow
> Upon Greeks he wrought much sorrow."

Sagittary occurs also (as the name of an inn or house) in *Oth.* i. 1. 159 and i. 3. 115.

20. *Galathe.* The name given to Hector's horse by both Caxton and Lydgate. Hudson inadvertently calls this "another instance of the old genitive form," and compares "Mars his gauntlet" in iv. 5. 177 above.

22. *Scaled sculls.* Scaly shoals of fish. Pope reads "shoals" for *sculls*, which, like *school* (as applied to fishes), is etymologically the same word. Steevens quotes Milton, *P. L.* vii. 399 : —

> "Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
> With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
> Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
> Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
> Bank the mid sea;"

and Drayton, *Polyolbion*, song 26 : "My silver-scaled sculls about my streams do sweep."

24. *Strawy.* The folio has "straying."

29. *Proof.* What is *proved*, or the fact.

35. *Crying on.* Crying out. Cf. *Oth.* v. 1. 48: "cries on murther," etc. It may, however, be = exclaiming against, as some make it.

44. *We draw together.* As Steevens remarks, this seems to refer to the return of Ajax and Achilles to the field after having withdrawn from active participation in the war. Verity thinks it possible that the metaphor suggested is "that of a pack of hounds *drawing* a covert; Ajax, Diomede, and Nestor all trying to track down Troilus."

45. *Boy-queller.* Boy-killer. Cf. *man-queller* and *woman-queller* in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 58. Cf. also *quell* (= murder) in *Macb.* i. 7. 72.

SCENE VI. — 7. *For my horse!* Cf. v. 5. 1 above.

10. *Look upon.* Be a mere looker-on. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 27: —

> "And look upon, as if the tragedy
> Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors."

11. *Cogging.* Cheating. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 95, *Oth.* iv. 2. 132, etc.

17. *Befriends.* The reading of quarto and 1st folio, changed in the 2d folio to "befriend."

20. *Much more a fresher man.* A much more fresher. Such transposition of the article is not uncommon. For the double comparative, cf. ii. 2. 11 above.

24. *Carry.* Bear off as a prize, conquer. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 7. 19: "Resolv'd to carry her," etc.

26. *I end.* The folio has "thou end."

29. *Frush.* Bruise, batter (Fr. *froisser*); the only instance of the word in S. Steevens quotes Holinshed: "sore frusht with sickness;" Fairfax, *Tasso:* "Rinaldo's armour frush'd and hack'd they had," etc. Caxton has "to-frushed."

Scene VII. — 6. *Execute your arms.* If this be what S. wrote, it must be = ply your arms, make use of them. Most editors follow Capell in reading "aims" for *arms;* but the Myrmidons were executing the *aims* of Achilles, not their own. The statement made by Collier (repeated by White and others), that the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the quarto has "aimes," is incorrect; the letter mistaken for *i* being "an imperfect *r*" (Cambridge ed.). Capell's copy and the two copies in the British Museum have "armes."

11. *Double-henned sparrow.* "Perhaps = sparrow with a double-hen, that is, with a female married to two cocks, and hence false to both" (Schmidt).

Scene VIII. — 2. *Thy goodly armour.* As Clarke remarks, this links the present scene to scene 6, where "one in sumptuous armour" appears and is challenged by Hector.

4. *Rest, sword,* etc. Cf. Caxton: "When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that, if Hector were not slain, the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously, . . . but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh: and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered: and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."

From the same authority S. took the incident of Achilles employing his Myrmidons for the destruction of a Trojan chief; but the chief is Troilus, not Hector: "After these things the nineteenth

battle began with great slaughter ; and afore that Achilles entered into the battle he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to enclose Troylus, and to hold him without flying till he came, and that he would not be far from them. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged into the battle. And on the other side came Troylus, that began to flee and beat down all them that he caught, and did so much, that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight ; then the Myrmidons (that were two thousand fighting men, and had not forgot the commandment of their lord) thrust in among the Troyans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troylus, they found him that he fought strongly, and was enclosed on all parts, but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to succour him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron, and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troylus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and cast it under the feet of his horse, and took the body and bound it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

7. *Vail.* Descent, not *veiling*. It is the only instance of the noun in S., but the verb occurs several times. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 2. 70, etc. For *darking* (cf. *Per.* iv. prol. 35) the quarto has " darkning."

15. *Retire.* The folio has " retreat." Cf. v. 4. 20 above.

17. *Dragon wing of night.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 379 : " For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast ; " and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 48 : " Swift, swift, you dragons of the night," etc.

18. *Stickler-like.* Like the *stickler*, or umpire in a knightly combat ; used by S. only here. Cf. Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, iv. 2 : " So he may have fair play shown him and the liberty to choose his stickler."

19. *Half-supp'd.* That has but half supped.

20. *Bait.* The 1st folio has "bed," changed in the 2d to "bitt." Steevens says of 19–22 : "These four despicable verses, as well as the rhyming fit with which 'the blockish Ajax' is afterwards seized, could scarce have fallen from the pen of our author, in his most unlucky moments of composition." Clarke calls the closing couplet "flabby bombast."

22. *Along the field I will the Trojan trail.* Knight believes that S. here follows Chapman (*Iliad*, xxii.) :—

> "This said, a work not worthy him he set to ; of both feet
> He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle, and then knit
> Both to his chariot with a thong of white leather, his head
> Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
> The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that freely flew ;
> A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they drew.
> With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps and fill'd,
> And there lay Troy's late gracious, by Jupiter exil'd,
> To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen."

But this portion of Chapman's translation was not published when the play was written. As the poet was not likely to be familiar with the Greek original, he may here have been indebted to Lydgate, who, in his 31st chapter, tells "How Achilles slew the worthy *Troylus* unknightly, and after trayled his body through the fyelds, tyed to his horse ;" or, as Verplanck suggests, he may have got the incident from Virgil (*Æneid*, ii. 272), either in the original, or from the translation of Phaer (1584) or that of Stanyhurst, of about the same date. See also 4 above.

Scene IX. — 4. *Bruit.* Rumour ; as in *T. of A.* v. 1. 196, etc. For the verb, see *Macb.* v. 7. 22.

5. *Bragless.* Used by S. only here.

Scene X. — 7. *Smile at.* If this is not corrupt, it is = smile derisively at. Hanmer has "smite all," and Warburton "smite at." The former is very plausible, and is adopted by Dyce.

White, who retains *smile*, remarks : "*smite at* is hardly a phrase that S. would use to express the action of the gods when sitting upon their thrones."

19. *Niobes.* For the allusion, cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 149 : "Like Niobe, all tears."

24. *Pight.* Pitched, fixed. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 67 : "found him pight to do it ; " that is, firmly resolved.

25. *Titan.* The god of the sun ; as in *V. and A.* 177, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 4, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 166, etc.

26. *Great-siz'd.* Cf. iii. 3. 147 above.

31. *Hope of revenge*, etc. I am inclined to agree with Walker that the play, so far as S. is concerned, ends here. As he says, "the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and anything additional sounds like an impertinence and obtrusion." Verses 32–34 he would place at the end of v. 3 ; and the rest of Pandarus' epilogue he regards as an interpolation. As Verity remarks, one would gladly believe that the ribald rubbish with which the play ends was not written by Shakespeare. Troilus here survives. In Caxton (see on v. 8. 4) he is killed by Achilles, and the event is narrated with considerable circumstantiality. Curiously enough, this detail is unknown to Homer. He merely mentions (*Iliad* xxiv. 257) that Troilus had been slain in battle before the time of the *Iliad.* Probably Virgil was the authority for the later accounts. Cf. *Æneid*, i. 474–478 : —

> "Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
> Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli," etc.

33. *Ignomy.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 100 and *T. A.* iv. 2. 115.

46. *Painted cloths.* The painted hangings of rooms, which had mottoes connected with the figures on them. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii 2. 290 : "I answer you right painted cloth," etc. Malone quotes from a tract published in 1601 : —

> "Read what is written on the *painted cloth ;*
> Do no man wrong ; be good unto the poor.

Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
And ever have an eye into the door."

Bible scenes were often found on these painted cloths, and on more elaborate hangings of tapestry used for adorning rooms. A favourite subject was the story of the Prodigal and that of Lazarus. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 27 and *M. W.* iv. 5. 9. Sometimes the subjects were classical. Cf. Ford, *The Fancies*, ii. 1 : —

"he stands
Just like Actæon in the painted cloth."

See also *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 145 : "the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry."

54. *Some galled goose of Winchester.* "As the public stews were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*" (Mason). *Galled* = diseased or offended, or perhaps both.

55. *Sweat.* An allusion to the treatment of certain diseases. See on iii. 1. 42 above.

APPENDIX

"The War of the Theatres"

As I have said in the Introduction, I do not believe that the present play had any connection with the so-called "War of the Theatres," as some excellent critics have supposed it had; but that memorable controversy was an interesting episode in the dramatic history of the closing years of the sixteenth century, and a brief account of it may not be out of place here.

The "war" was due to the quarrels of Marston and Dekker with Ben Jonson, and the record of it is mainly to be found in their plays written between 1598 and 1602. Other dramatists have been supposed to be involved in it, but there is no satisfactory evidence that they were.

Marston's *Satires* have generally been regarded as the first cause of the quarrel; but the critics do not agree as to the passages in which Jonson is supposed to be satirized. Some believe that Torquatus in the *Scourge of Villanie* (1598) was meant for Jonson; but this view is not supported by what Jonson himself says concerning the beginning of the quarrel. See the *Apologetical Dialogue* appended to *The Poetaster*, first printed in 1616, and stated to have been "only once spoken on the stage:"—

> "But sure I am, three years
> They did provoke me with their petulant styles
> On every stage; and I at last, unwilling,
> But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
> Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em."

In the *Conversations with Drummond*, we read: "He [Jonson]

had many quarrels with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his *Poëtaster* on him ; the beginning of them were that Marston represented him on the stage, in his youth given to venerie."

If, as these passages both assert, the quarrel arose from some *stage* representation, it could not have been the *Scourge of Villanie*, which was a satire in verse ; and the internal evidence in the poem that Jonson is ridiculed is by no means decisive.

Whether Marston began the quarrel or not, it is clear that Jonson attacked him in *Every Man Out of His Humour* (acted in 1599), where certain peculiar words used by Marston in the *Scourge of Villanie* and *Histriomastix* are ridiculed, and the latter play is mentioned by name. Marston appears to have had a hand in *Histriomastix*, if he was not the sole author of it. The character of Chrisoganus in the play is quite certainly intended for Jonson ; and Carlo Buffone in *Every Man Out of His Humour* is meant by Jonson for Marston.

Several plays by Dekker have been thought by critics to be connected with the quarrel between Jonson and Marston, and concerning *Satiromastix* (1601) at least there can be no doubt, as it is avowedly a reply to Ben's satirical comedies, especially to *The Poetaster*, in which Dekker is introduced as Demetrius, who is to write a play ridiculing Horace (Jonson).

Cynthia's Revels (1601) was written by Jonson to satirize the four men (probably Marston, Daniel, Lodge, and Munday) who had been ridiculed in *Every Man Out of His Humour*. *The Poetaster*, however, is his only avowed reply to the attacks made upon him. It was first performed in 1601 by the Children of the Chapel, with whom Jonson had formed an alliance, and who had also rendered *Cynthia's Revels*.

The scene of *The Poetaster* is laid in Rome, in the time of Augustus, and Jonson appears as Horace. The "poetaster" is Crispinus (Marston), who has associated Demetrius (Dekker) with him "to abuse Horace and bring him in in a play." The most

famous scene (v. 1) is that in which Horace administers an emetic pill to Crispinus, who, with Demetrius, has been condemned for attacking Horace. The scene is an adaptation of the *Lexiphanes* of Lucian, which Jonson often follows in both incidents and language. The pill compels Crispinus to disgorge the peculiar words that marked his style, and many of them have been identified in Marston's works. Demetrius is recommended for mercy by Horace; the "oath for good behaviour" is administered to both him and Crispinus, who swear that they will never again "malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man."

In this play Jonson, who had learned that Marston and Dekker were conspiring to attack him in *Satiromastix*, anticipated and answered the charges they intended to bring against him. So far as he was concerned, *The Poetaster* ended the "War of the Theatres," and peace soon followed. Marston and Jonson were both contributors to Chester's *Loves Martyr* in 1601; and in 1604 they both collaborated with Chapman in writing *Eastward Ho*, in which allusions to the Scots offended King James and his friends, and sent all three dramatists to jail. In the same year (1604) Marston dedicated his *Malcontent* to "Benjamino Jonsonio, poetæ elegantissimo, gravissimo, amico suo, candido et cordato."

Some writers have assumed that the "war" was injurious to the interests of both dramatists and actors; but Jonson, in more than one passage, intimates that the plays to which it gave rise were profitable to the authors; and, if so, they must have been profitable to the actors as well. Jonson, in the *Apologetical Dialogue*, says: —

> "Now for the players, it is true I taxed them,
> And yet but some; and those so sparingly
> As all the rest might have sat still unquestioned,
> Had they but had the wit or conscience
> To think well of themselves. But, impotent, they
> Thought each man's vice belonged to their whole tribe;
> And much good do 't them! What they have done 'gainst me,

I am not moved with: if it gave them meat,
Or got them clothes, 't is well; that was their end.
Only amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawn
To run in that vile line."

The plays helped to get the authors meat and clothes, and this was their end in writing them. Histrio says that the reason for hiring Demetrius to bring in Horace and his gallants in a play is "that it will get us a huge deal of money . . . and we have need on 't." "Of course," as Professor J. H. Penniman, in his scholarly *War of the Theatres*, 1897 (to which I have been much indebted), remarks, "any profit to be derived from satirical plays could be gained by Jonson as well as by his opponents. Although he was several times involved in legal difficulties on account of his plays, and although the Elizabethan laws concerning libel and slander were severe, and the people of the time were litigious, yet we have no record of any legal action instituted by the playwrights against Jonson, or by Jonson against the playwrights. There was undoubtedly much bitterness of feeling on both sides, but, much as they hated each other, they sought no legal redress, for the almost libellous plays were a source of profit, and legal proceedings might have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs."

In the plays already mentioned as connected with the "War of the Theatres" there is no evidence worthy of serious consideration to show that Shakespeare was involved in the wordy conflict. It is improbable, indeed, that he would have been supposed to be one of the combatants except for a perplexing allusion to him in *The Return from Parnassus*, a play "publiquely acted by the students in St. Johns Colledge, in Cambridge," as the title-page of the edition of 1606 informs us. This performance at Cambridge was at Christmastide, 1601–2, and not improbably on the 1st of January, 1602.

The play must have been written after *The Poetaster*, to which there is a direct allusion. In iv. 3, Kempe says to Burbage: "Few of the university pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer

Ovid, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Juppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I [ay] and *Ben Jonson* too. O that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought up *Horace* giving the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit."

At first thought it is natural to suppose that the "purge" given by Shakespeare to Ben Jonson is a play; and the only play of Shakespeare's that can possibly be considered as meant is *Troilus and Cressida*, the date of which is put by some critics (see p. 12 above) as early as 1601.

A play upon Shakespeare's name has been fancied to occur in *Histriomastix* in the following passage: —

> "Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,
> That when he *shakes* his furious *speare*
> The foe in shivering fearful sort
> May lay him down in death to snort."

In Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* the line (i. 3. 73), "When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws," has been supposed to contain in the word *mastic* an allusion to *Histriomastix*, and Thersites has been suspected to represent Marston, while Ajax is Ben Jonson. Fleay declares that "hardly a word is spoken of or by Ajax in ii. 3 and iii. 3 which does not apply literally to Jonson; and in ii. 1 he beats Thersites of the 'mastic jaws' as Jonson 'beat Marston' (*Conversations with Drummond*)." Moreover, "Thersites in all respects resembles Marston, the railing satirist;" and the "purge" is from *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 215: "He will be the physician that should be the patient." In another passage Fleay says that "the setting up of Ajax as a rival to Achilles shadows forth the putting forward of Dekker by the King's men to write against Jonson his *Satiromastix*;" and in yet another passage he says that Dekker is Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*. It will be seen that Fleay is not consistent with

himself, as indeed he has often failed to be in discussing other dramatic questions. In the first passage, Ajax is Jonson, and Thersites is Marston; in the second, Ajax is Dekker and Achilles is Jonson; in the third, Thersites is Dekker. Gifford maintained that the "purge" was merely Shakespeare's great superiority to other playwrights; and Sidney Lee takes it to refer to the fact that "Shakespeare had signally outstripped Jonson in popular esteem;" adding that, "as the author of *Julius Cæsar*, he had just proved his command of topics that were peculiarly suited to Jonson's vein, and had in fact outrun his churlish comrade on his own ground." Professor Penniman thinks that the "purge" must be "something more definite" than Gifford suggests, and was "presumably a play;" and Dr. Brinsley Nicholson supposes it to be some play of Shakespeare's that has not come down to us. Dr. Cartwright, in his *Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Dramatic versus Wit Combats*, connects Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Othello* with the quarrel: "Who can doubt that Iago is malignant Ben?" Fleay recognizes Marston as Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, and Maria's "M. O. A. I." in the forged letter as "Io. Ma. (John Marston)." "With the locking up of Crispinus in some dark place, compare the imprisonment of Malvolio." Verily, as Dowden says of certain wild theories concerning the *Sonnets*, "these be the pranks of Puck among the critics!"

The simplest solution of the problem is, on the whole, the most satisfactory; and Sidney Lee (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 219 fol.) is, to my thinking, substantially right, though it does not seem necessary to suspect a specific allusion to *Julius Cæsar*. The author of *The Return from Parnassus* makes simply a metaphorical reference to Ben Jonson's purgative pill, which was a disagreeable dose for his patients. Shakespeare gave Ben an equally unpalatable dose by outdoing him as a playwright and thus physicking his abounding self-conceit; and this treatment was wholly independent of Ben's quarrel with his fellow dramatists, in which the "gentle Shakespeare" had no part whatsoever.

The Story of the Play in Chaucer and Shakespeare.

William Godwin, in his *Life of Chaucer*, has some interesting comments on this subject. He says : —

"Since two of the greatest writers this island has produced have treated the same story, each in his own peculiar manner, it may be neither unentertaining nor uninstructive to consider the merit of their respective modes of composition as illustrated in the present example. Chaucer's poem includes many beauties, many genuine touches of nature, and many strokes of an exquisite pathos. It is on the whole, however, written in that style which has unfortunately been so long imposed upon the world as dignified, classical, and chaste. It is naked of incidents, of ornament, of whatever should most awaken the imagination, astound the fancy, or hurry away the soul. It has the stately march of a Dutch burgomaster as he appears in a procession, or a French poet as he shows himself in his works. It reminds one too forcibly of a tragedy of Racine. Every thing partakes of the author, as if he thought he should be everlastingly disgraced by becoming natural, inartificial, and alive. We travel through a work of this sort as we travel over some of the immense downs with which our island is interspersed. All is smooth, or undulates with so gentle and slow a variation as scarcely to be adverted to by the sense. But all is homogeneous and tiresome ; the mind sinks into a state of aching torpidity ; and we feel as if we should never get to the end of our eternal journey. What a contrast to a journey among mountains and valleys, spotted with herds of various kinds of cattle, interspersed with villages, opening ever and anon to a view of the distant ocean, and refreshed with rivulets and streams ; where if the eye is ever fatigued, it is only with the boundless flood of beauty which is incessantly pouring upon it ! Such is the tragedy of Shakespeare.

"The historical play of *Troilus and Cressida* exhibits as full a specimen of the different styles in which this wonderful writer was qualified to excel as is to be found in any of his works."

Then follows the passage I have quoted in the note on iii. 3. 224 above. Mr. Godwin proceeds thus : —

" Never did morality hold a language more profound, persuasive and irresistible than in Shakespeare's Ulysses, who in the same scene, and engaged in the same cause with Patroclus, thus expostulates with the champion of the Grecian forces : —

'For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost : there you lie,
Like to a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampled on. . . .
O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was !
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More praise than they will give to gold o'erdusted.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax. . . .
The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.'

" But the great beauty of this play, as it is of all the genuine writings of Shakespeare, beyond all didactic morality, beyond all mere flights of fancy, and beyond all sublime — a beauty entirely his own, and in which no writer, ancient or modern, can enter into competition with him — is that his men are men; his sentiments are living, and his characters marked with those delicate, evanescent, unde-

finable touches which identify them with the great delineation of nature. The speech of Ulysses just quoted, when taken by itself, is purely an exquisite specimen of didactic morality; but when combined with the explanation given by Ulysses, before the entrance of Achilles, of the nature of his design, it becomes the attribute of a real man and starts into life.

"When we compare the plausible and seemingly affectionate manner in which Ulysses addresses himself to Achilles with the key which he here furnishes to his meaning, and especially with the epithet 'derision,' we have a perfect elucidation of his character, and must allow that it is impossible to exhibit the crafty and smooth-tongued politician in a more exact or animated style. The advice given by Ulysses is in its nature sound and excellent, and in its form inoffensive and kind; the name therefore of 'derision' which he gives to it, marks to a wonderful degree the cold and self-centred subtlety of his character.

"Cressida's confession to Troilus of her love is a most beautiful example of the genuine Shakespearian manner. What charming ingenuousness, what exquisite *naïveté*, what ravishing confusion of soul, are expressed in these words! We seem to perceive in them every fleeting thought as it rises in the mind of Cressida, at the same time that they delineate with equal skill all the beautiful timidity and innocent artifice which grace and consummate the feminine character. Other writers endeavour to conjure up before them their imaginary personages, and seek with violent effort to arrest and describe what their fancy presents to them: Shakespeare alone (though not without many exceptions to this happiness) appears to have the whole train of his characters in voluntary attendance upon him, to listen to their effusions, and to commit to writing all the words, and the very words, they utter.

"The whole catalogue of the *dramatis personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of

admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakespeare. . . . Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of a moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, the Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakespeare, on the other hand, are absolute men, deficient in nothing which can tend to individualize them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest perhaps the character of Thersites deserves to be selected (how cold and schoolboy a sketch in Homer!) as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humour amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness and truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled."

The Time-Analysis of the Play

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action in Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–1879, p. 183), as follows : —

"The duration of the action of this play is so distinctly marked by Hector's challenge that, notwithstanding the discrepancies pointed out in Act II. sc. iii.[1] and Act III. sc. i.[2] and iii.,[3] it is impossible to assign to it more than four days, with an interval between the first and second.

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.

Interval: the long-continued truce.

" 2. Act I. sc. iii., Act II., and Act III.

" 3. Act IV., Act. V. sc. i. and ii.

" 4. Act V. sc. iii.–x."

[1] "The commanders 'rub the vein' of Ajax. Achilles declines to see them, but through Ulysses informs them that he 'will not to the field to-morrow.' At the end of the scene Ulysses remarks :—

'To-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast.'

These two passages are somewhat ambiguous, for in fact only the single combat between Hector and Ajax is resolved on for the morrow."

[2] "In this scene commences an extraordinary entanglement of the plot of the Play. It is quite clear that from its position it must represent a portion of the day on which Hector sends his challenge to the Greeks: a day on which there could be no encounters between the hostile forces, and which in fact is but one day of a long-continued truce ; yet in this scene Pandarus asks Paris, 'Sweet lord, who 's afield to-day?' Paris replies, 'Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, *Antenor*, and all the gallantry of Troy.' Paris himself, it seems, nor Troilus, went not. Towards the end of the scene a retreat is sounded, and Paris says —

'They 're come from field : let us to Priam's hall
To greet the warriors ; '

and he begs Helen to come 'help unarm our Hector.'"

[3] "The allusions to the combat which is to come off *to-morrow* between Hector and Ajax are numerous in this scene, so that we are clearly still in the day on which Hector sent his challenge. But the entanglement of the plot which we noticed in Act III. sc. i. becomes here still more involved. Calchas says —

'You have a Trojan prisoner, called *Antenor*,
Yesterday took ; '

and he requests that Antenor may be exchanged for his daughter Cressida. The commanders assent, and Diomedes is commissioned to effect the exchange. From this it appears that Antenor, who goes out to fight on this very day (see Act III. sc. i.) — when there is no fighting — was nevertheless taken prisoner the day before, during the long-continued truce."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Priam: ii. 2(12); v. 3(8). Whole no. 20.

Hector: ii. 2(75); iv. 5(79); v. 1(5), 3(35), 4(3), 6(10), 8(5). Whole no. 212.

Troilus: i. 1(74); ii. 2(85); iii. 2(90); iv. 2(21), 3(5), 4(92), 5(11); v. 1(1), 2(90), 3(32), 4(2), 6(8), 10(30). Whole no. 541.

Paris: ii. 2(30); iii. 1(31); iv. 1(31), 3(8), 4(3). Whole no. 103.

Deiphobus: iv. 1(1), 4(1). Whole no. 2.

Helenus: ii. 2(4). Whole no. 4.

Æneas: i. 1(5), 3(58); iv. 1(20), 2(20), 4(9), 5(25); v. 2(3), 10(3). Whole no. 143.

Calchas: iii. 3(29); v. 2(2). Whole no. 31.

Pandarus: i. 1(42), 2(172); iii. 1(91), 2(61); iv. 2(36), 4(18); v. 3(9), 10(24). Whole no. 453.

Agamemnon: i. 3(66); ii. 3(59); iii. 3(14); iv. 5(36); v. 1(4), 5(11), 9(5). Whole no. 195.

Menelaus: i. 3(1); iii. 3(1); iv. 5(9); v. 1(1). Whole no. 12.

Achilles: ii. 1(28), 3(11); iii. 3(74); iv. 5(25); v. 1(23), 5(4), 6(6), 7(8), 8(16). Whole no. 195.

Ajax: ii. 1(26), 3(28); iii. 3(3); iv. 5(21); v. 1(3), 5(1), 6(5), 9(2). Whole no. 89.

Ulysses: i. 3(179); ii. 3(81); iii. 3(122); iv. 5(62); v. 1(3), 2(28), 5(13). Whole no. 488.

Nestor: i. 3(93); ii. 3(20); iii. 3(2); iv. 5(28); v. 5(14), 9(1). Whole no. 158.

Patroclus: ii. 1(3), 3(19); iii. 3(31); iv. 5(7); v. 1(10). Whole no. 70.

Diomedes: ii. 3(5); iii. 3(2); iv. 1(32), 4(12), 5(6); v. 1(2), 2(29), 4(4), 5(6), 6(4), 9(1). Whole no. 103.

Thersites: ii. 1(85), 3(61); iii. 3(48); v. 1(61), 2(23), 4(30), 7(13). Whole no. 321.

Alexander: i. 2(35). Whole no. 35.

Margarelon: v. 7(3). Whole no. 3.

Myrmidon: v. 8(1). Whole no. 1.

Servant: iii. 1(20); v. 5(1). Whole no. 21.

Boy: i. 2(3); iii. 2(2). Whole no. 5.

Helen: iii. 1(30). Whole no. 30.

Andromache: v. 3(15). Whole no. 15.

Cassandra: ii. 2(13); v. 3(24). Whole no. 37.

Cressida: i. 2(115); iii. 2(71); iv. 2(44), 4(25), 5(11); v. 2(46). Whole no. 312.

"*All*": iv. 5(1); v. 9(1), 10(1). Whole no 3.

"*Prologue*": (31). Whole no. 31.

Antenor is on the stage in i. 2 and iv. 1, 3, and 4, but does not speak at all.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene is as follows : prol. (31); i. 1(119), 2(321), 3(392); ii. 1(142), 2(213), 3(277); iii. 1(172), 2(220), 3(316); iv. 1(79), 2(115), 3(12), 4(150), 5(293); v. 1(106), 2(197), 3(112), 4(38), 5(47), 6(31), 7(24), 8(22), 9(10), 10(57). Whole no. in the play, 3496.

Troilus and Cressida is the longest of the plays, except *Hamlet*, which has 3930 lines, and *Richard III.*, which has 3618. 2 *Henry IV.* has 3446, and *Coriolanus* 3410.

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